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A NARRATIVE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY IN ENGLAND.

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LORD STAIR had commanded the British army in the successful battle of Dettingen; but certain dispositions which he considered necessary to secure the fruits of victory having been overruled by his sovereign, GEORGE II., who was also present in the action, the irritated nobleman had thought proper to throw up his command and withdraw from the theatre of war. It was his intention to retire from public life to his estates in the country; but, on his route thither, private business of an embarrassing nature had occurred to detain him for some time in London.

While here, he was surprised by a summons from some unknown person to a remote and obscure part of the city. In another temper of mind this call might have been treated by him as an impertinence, but the vexations which he had lately undergone had rendered him indifferent to merely ceremonious considerations. He proceeded therefore according to the instructions given, and having, with much fatigue and some difficulty, reached the place of appointment, found himself in a miserable chamber, attainable only by a flight of ruinous steps, and furnished in a manner perfectly answerable to the squalor and dreariness of the quarter in which it was situated. On a wretched couch reclined the only occupant of the room, a man apparently bowed beneath the weight of extreme age and destitution. This individual, having satisfied himself of the identity of his visitor, pointed him to the only seat, and addressed him in words to the following effect:

‘You see before you, my lord, not an applicant for your bounty or commiseration, but one who, wishing for no other accommodation but that which you see, was yet once possessed of domains as large, a name as high, a race as untainted as your own. Nay, why should

I hesitate to declare, that the blood which flows in your veins and ebbs so languidly in mine, has been derived from the same ancestral source? Long, very long is it, since I have looked upon any kindred features; but in distant lands I have not lost sight of your fortunes nor failed to sympathize in the embarrassments which have overtaken them. It is these which have led me to seek this interview; and the papers which lie on the table before you, while they attest the truth of my assertions, will suffice to extricate your affairs (so far as these are of a private nature) from the difficulties in which they are at present involved.

‘But you will find, too, a narrative never before communicated to human ear, which will show that yours is not the first instance in which the resentment of one of our house has had for its object the highest personage of the realm. If what you will there read of the violence and blindness of misguided passion shall lead you, under the present or any future circumstances, to set a higher value on the practice of moderation, circumspection and forbearance, the only end which such a communication can answer will have been attained. Without seeking to awaken an unavailing sympathy, I may yet commend myself to your remembrance as an example of errors to be shunned and mischiefs to be dreaded; but with this my mission terminates, and this our first interview will also be our last.’

Finding all offers of service peremptorily rejected, Lord Stair received the papers and withdrew. On returning home, among others of great importance to his personal interest, he found, as he had been taught to expect, the following narrative.

SOME influence, before unfelt, recalling images of peace and innocence long forfeited and departed, urges me to the recital of events whose record has heretofore existed only in the depths of a heart abandoned to sorrow and remorse.

I have lived — no matter how long: the sequel will sufficiently show. Neither imports it to say where the light first visited eyes which watch only for the shadows that shall close them in the calm unconsciousness of the grave. In England there are many scenes where nature gives back with serene and touching beauty the smiles of her happy children; homes around which the eglantine and honey-suckle breathe not fragrance more sweet than that of the pure and holy affections enshrined within. Over many such I might have once looked with pride — not blameless perhaps — yet not unaccompanied by a full sense of the responsibility which I owed to the inmates, devolved upon me by a long course of reciprocal service and protection between their ancestors and mine. Nor was my own hearth without its especial endearments. What though the young and lovely partner of my bosom had been snatched from me almost in the dawn of our happiness? She had bequeathed to me, in dying, a daughter, an only child; one who was watched over from infancy to maidenhood by a father’s fondest care, and who

filled in return his halls with never-failing, unalloyed, unutterable happiness. But I must not dwell on this part of my story. Peace be with thee, my child! Heaven has long been thy portion, my sweet Ianthé!

Home, however, even an English home, at the period to which my narrative reverts, was no longer the scene of heartfelt peace and conscious security which the word conjures up before the imagination of all who speak or hear it. Spared for ages the outrage and dishonor of foreign invasion, the English castle and the English cottage alike had become the scene of daily and more grievous contests. Intestine war had trampled out in both the fires of ancient reverence and mutual good-will. Whatever judgment may be passed upon the respective merits or faults of those whose disputes rendered the reign of the first Charles a season of almost uninterrupted dissension and calamity, it was a period which left to none the refuge of indifference or neutrality. For myself, I was both by predilection and conviction a Cavalier; not such as in after times needed but to be a ruffler in halls, a braggart in the bowers of voluptuous beauty, to appropriate the title; but one willing and prepared to bide the fiery test and iron discipline of such fields as Edge-Hill, Marston and Naseby. My early manhood plunged me into the midst of scenes like these, and my hand did not decline the task which loyalty and patriotism, (for with me they were one,) appeared to exact of it.

But the contest was unequal from the first. On the one side a hesitating monarch; a prerogative insulted and therefore broken; selfishness, springing from the long possession of power, and short-sighted as selfishness always is: on the other, leaders so identified with the people in origin and character as to command their whole confidence and wield their entire strength; hopes, but lately awakened and bounded by no restraints of experience or reason; fanaticism, kindling itself anew, and equally from the circumstances of success or disaster. The battle of Naseby threw the decisive weight into the scale of the latter. A few scattered fortresses only held out on behalf of the king; Oxford alone, of all his cities, still offered him the tribute of a firm and unshaken allegiance. To this last stronghold of loyalty the king now withdrew, drawing around him the remains of his little court, and followed by many whom no fidelity to him, but a strong repugnance to the austere habits and unprepossessing manners of the Puritans, still numbered among his adherents.

Thither I also had followed with one whose safety and peace were dearer to me than life. Not but that I was fully aware of the dangers of such a residence. I knew well that the hatred inspired by the sanctimonious pretences of the opposite party had produced a relaxation of manners on the part of the Cavaliers, of which profligacy would gladly avail itself, and which could not in the end but work the most disastrous effects on the character of even the virtuous and well-disposed. Man is so much the slave of circumstances that even his affectations gradually penetrate and become part of his mo-

ral being. The garb of dissipation and vice, assumed in a spirit of contrast, could not fail sooner or later to shed its venom on the heart. This truth, the subsequent history of the party in question amply illustrated; but the progress of the evil was already clear to me, when I entrusted my guileless Ianthé to the treacherous safe-guard of the royal city. Yet what alternative was left me? If I had incurred the confiscation of my property and the deepest vengeance of the victorious rebels, in the service of my hapless master, this surely was not the hour in which I could withdraw my assistance or refuse the attendance which he earnestly enjoined.

Beside, were there not deep and quiet retreats in that ancient city, which prayer had consecrated to learning? retreats which the public confusion, while it had in a great measure suspended the ordinary pursuits of the university, seemed to have devoted to still calmer, more unbroken seclusion. Who that has stood within the enclosures of * * * * * College, when its usual inmates are withdrawn, could believe that sorrow or guilt had ever stained with their presence so sweet and tranquil a place? I myself have stood there once — once since the events which I relate — in such a season, at nightfall. And as the garden-shadows around me deepened into still more hushed and solemn repose, how did my spirit drink in the sweet influences of the hour and the spot, until for a moment I doubted whether the events of my troubled existence were not a dream from which I might yet awake. But as I gazed on one remote and lonely window, cloistered high up amidst the branching ivy, a strange light gleamed fitfully from within; by degrees it reddened, it glowed upon the narrow panes, and threw a line of well-defined but blood-like rays across the lawn toward the thicket which skirted the garden. Then I knew, although I saw it not, that a form was standing there behind me, pale, death-like, shrouded; but still lovely. As I turned it was already gliding away and was soon lost amidst the deepening shadows. That night I spent prostrate on the ground, moistening with my tears one lonely spot which no eye will ever distinguish but my own. I had embraced for the last time the unconscious dust which hid Ianthé from my eyes for ever.

It was in the midst of the disastrous winter of 1645, that, having been engaged during the day at one of the outposts, I returned at night, and as I climbed the narrow staircase which led to our apartments, found that, for the first time, Ianthé did not meet me. The circumstance struck me with surprise at the moment, but believing that she would soon make her appearance, I sat down and became absorbed in the consideration of important public interests. Suddenly the sound of the great bell of the university, tolling the hour of midnight, not now from a distance, but as if struck in the very room where I sat, startled me from my reverie. I looked round and called Ianthé. No answer broke the profound silence. I hastened to her chamber. It was empty.

For a few moments I stood struck with surprise and trying to collect my thoughts. I tried to remember whether there were any circumstance or appointment which could account for Ianthé's absence.

In the morning I had left her tranquil and happy, intent only on the little round of duties which occupied her quiet day : not even a wish of her's had ever seemed to wander beyond the suite of rooms which we inhabited, or at most the secluded garden where she sometimes sat beside me of an evening, talking of our old home, and striving to cheer me with images of a better and happier. With the exception of an aged female servant, I had been her only companion, her only acquaintance in the dissolute city. These considerations filled my mind with the most painful forebodings. Having searched the different apartments, and even the adjacent grounds, without discovering a trace of Ianthé or her attendant, I hurried into the open streets, unable longer to bear the oppression of solitude and inaction, but wholly undetermined to what point I should next direct my inquiries.

The night was cold and dark. A freezing rain had driven to shelter even the most abject of the usual wanderers of the streets, and except occasional shouts of laughter from some haunt of midnight revelry, no sound broke the monotony of the howling wind. At the houses of those friends on whom I called, I succeeded only in communicating some share of my own alarm. Active inquiries were instituted on all sides, but only to result in disappointment and increased anxiety.

Often in the course of that long and dreary night did I return to my apartment in the vain hope that Ianthé might at length be there. But no ; every thing remained as I had left it ; the lamp wasting untrimmed upon the desk, the brands sinking to ashes on the hearth, the shadows of a desolation that might never be removed, seemed already settling on that lonely chamber. At length, as I was hurrying through an obscure way near Christ-Church, which I had often traversed before during the night, a female figure attracted my notice, crouching with low moans in the recess of a gateway. Instantly my heart told me that this was Ianthé. As I sprang forward, calling her by name, she uttered a faint shriek and struggled to disengage herself from my arms. But mastering her feeble resistance, I bore her away, and with my precious burthen reached, hardly conscious how, our distant asylum.

When at length I had placed her on a couch, what was my horror at seeing her start up, cast on me the wild terrified glance of a maniac, and fling herself into a distant corner of the room, resuming the same posture and uttering the same cries as when first discovered. The cup of my anguish was thus filled to overflowing. Happily the attendant had by this time returned, and together we succeeded in replacing her on the couch, and in somewhat calming the transports of insanity. But these were to be succeeded only by violent convulsions, which forbade our leaving her even for an instant. It was not until the cold cheerless day began to break, that she subsided into something like repose, and for a moment I had hope. But death was now fast and visibly settling on her features. Only at the point of her departure did consciousness resume for an instant its office. It was then that uttering the name of 'Father,' she cast

on me one last look of unspeakable love, and stretched forth her feeble arms for a last embrace. Even in that act, the heart which throbbed with so much tenderness was stilled; the eye-lids closed slowly and heavily on the light of this world; the features subsided into that deep and holy calm which they will wear for ever in heaven. She was dead.

I know not for how many days and nights I lay in a condition nearly bordering on distraction. I clung closely to the side of my child, pressing her cold hand to my heart, and moistening her still dishevelled hair with tears of speechless agony. At last however with a mighty effort I arose and gave directions for her burial. It was midnight when, with the aid of one or two attendants only, she was borne forth to the lonely and sequestered spot which I had chosen for the place of her last repose. With my own hands I laid my lost treasure in the earth, and when the task was completed, carefully obliterated every trace of our labors. It was my wish that no human eye should ever look upon her grave.

Was this then the whole extent of my calamity, or did some fatal secret remain behind—some tale of nameless injuries—which must for ever slumber with the dead, or if revealed, plant in my bosom the pangs of unappeasable revenge? Until now I had asked no questions; I durst not allow my very thoughts to wander in that direction. Now, however, I approached the aged nurse, who still lingered with me beside the grave, and bidding her follow me, led the way to my desolate apartment. There, shutting myself in with her, I proceeded to question her respecting the events of that day which had closed so fatally on all my hopes of earthly happiness.

The facts which I learned from the faithful creature, whose grief was scarcely less poignant than my own, were briefly these: On the evening in question, two Cavaliers belonging to the court had presented themselves at my lodgings and demanded to speak with my daughter. They bore a message in the name of the king, importing that Ianthé with her attendant should repair immediately to the palace, to join her father who had been wounded in a skirmish, and whom His Majesty, through regard for so valued a servant, had caused to be conveyed to his own apartments. A note was exhibited, signed apparently by myself, bidding her haste; yet with such expressions as might break somewhat the effect of so sudden and alarming a communication.

No time was lost by Ianthé and the nurse in obeying the summons. They were conducted by their guides with every mark of respect to the gates of Christ-Church college, where the king was then lodged. Through several passages they proceeded to an antechamber, where several of the royal servants appeared in waiting. After an interval a door was opened softly and an aged man of grave demeanor, apparently a physician, came out. He told them in whispers that the patient slumbered, and that at present none but Ianthé could be permitted to enter. The attendant cavaliers withdrew by another door. It is unnecessary to state the subsequent adventures of the nurse, who after being decoyed from her post,

was eventually thrust into the street without being able to learn anything of the fate of her mistress.

On receiving these disclosures, I could not hesitate about the duty of a direct application to the king, whose name, in this nefarious plot, whatever its nature or design, had been abused like my own, and whose palace, without his knowledge, (as I could not doubt,) had been made the scene of a transaction which demanded and would receive the severest retribution. I repaired accordingly to the palace, and was entering, as my office authorized me to do, when I was intercepted by one of the minions of the court, and informed that the king could not be seen. In vain did I insist; excuses, which were evidently mere evasions, were continually objected to my admission; the king was indisposed, was occupied, would not be intruded on. Still I would have pressed forward, but the official, with an arrogance which contrasted strangely with his usual servility, placed his staff of office against my breast, and ordered me peremptorily to withdraw. In an instant I had felled him to the floor, and the next was myself struggling in the grasp of a dozen pursuivants. What passed until I found myself alone in irons, I am unable with any distinctness to remember.

I will not attempt to portray the tumult of feelings which at first ravaged my bosom. But despair itself at length brought the calm which enabled my mind to rearrange and combine the events of the last fatal days. In dreary sequence they reëmbodied themselves before me in the darkness of the solitary prison, both what I had already witnessed and what I could only conjecture, with equal reality and distinctness. It was a process in which the mind was passive as beneath a spell; in which even the feelings, stunned and exhausted by the extent of the calamity, refused their concurrence; but in which the images, as they passed one by one in review, without an effort of the will, bore with them all the undoubting truthfulness which, unless real, can belong only to madness or to dreams. Yet was I not dreaming, and reason I felt had not abandoned its seat. How then could I resist the conviction which flashed upon me at the end of this involuntary mental deduction, although it changed in a moment the whole current of my feelings, and effaced every principle and purpose of my previous life? Yes, I knew now, that he whom I had honored and for whom I had toiled through every gradation of fortune, the king himself was, if not the author, at least the abettor of my ruin. For him I had perilled every thing; I had lost all; and thus was I requited!

This conviction was fully confirmed, when the next morning I was led forth, conducted without the city, and forbidden to return. No such injunction was necessary. A few hours found me in London, and in council with the most determined enemies of the royal person.

It may well be imagined that I did not fail to testify to my new confederates, by every means in my power, the sincerity of my conversion. With the motives of those with whom I was now associ-

ated, mine had nothing in common; yet though I cared neither for church or conventicle, for personal or party aggrandizement, I gave myself to this new cause, both in counsel and action, with a devotion which left me no rival, even among the most eager of the zealots who daily inflamed their political malignancy by draughts from the poisoned chalice of religious fanaticism. I stood singled out and separated from mankind, as I believed, by the extent of my injuries, and cared only to counterpoise them by the extremity of retaliation. Had I continued in this course of open and undisguised hostility toward him from whom I supposed my injuries to proceed, I should at least have been acting in conformity with the sentiments of candor and directness which had heretofore governed my conduct. But circumstances soon made it necessary to adopt a different policy, and accident opened to me an unexpected path to the accomplishment of my wishes.

It is well known that at the crisis when the affairs of the king appeared most desperate, circumstances generated by that crisis itself suddenly diffused a gleam of safety over the wreck of his fallen fortunes. From the vastness and entireness of his ruin sprang up the phantom of a better hope. Success upon the part of his enemies had wrought its usual effect in producing a diversity of counsels, an antagonism of interests. From the moment that resistance was at an end, every selfish passion of the heart and absurd chimera of the brain which had been thus far repressed by the common danger, sprouted at once into unrestrained luxuriance. Sects and parties, which had stood by one another in the hour of adversity, now obeyed the laws of their nature, and went off into irreconcilable disunion. At this juncture, therefore, when the balance of the state was lost amidst opposing views and interests, was it not probable that the returning loyalty of Englishmen, roused to a sense of the public danger, might once more recur to the old constitutional check upon the ebullient passions of the demagogues and mystagogues of the day? Did not the master-spirit of Cromwell itself manifestly hesitate and waver as the hour drew near which must force upon him the ultimate fate of the king, and place him once more face to face with the spectre which in early life had entered his humble chamber, and summoned him, with prophetic warning, to the task of sovereignty? As the gulf opened at his feet, was there not an evident recoil in his feelings and purposes? Such certainly appeared to be the case. And even if the mighty hunter himself should not eventually tear away the meshes from his royal prey, and restore him to liberty, yet the same result might be effected by some of the subordinate agents of public confusion, whom restlessness had raised into temporary consequence, and who stood ever ready to take advantage of any circumstance which might depress their rivals or aggrandize themselves.

Such then, after all, might be the termination of the great struggle; such the ultimate discomfiture of the hopes which I now entertained, and which could only be realized in the ignominious death of the royal criminal. Charles himself was evidently aware of the

perplexity of his adversaries, and never did the inherent presumption of his character more strikingly evince itself than now, when entirely disarmed and defenceless, he stood the centre of innumerable plots; a prize for which Cromwell himself, in view of the anxieties and perplexities of his position, might not improbably be persuaded to barter his own high aims and secret aspirations.

For my own part, all these chances for the king's escape were gloomily pondered, as I listened (now that the sword was sheathed) to the interminable wranglings of the Puritan Parliament, or paced the streets of London, catching with greedy ear the expressions of public feeling and conjecture. It was while thus engaged, that I wandered one evening into a little-frequented part of the city, beyond the Tower and the ancient wall, which seemed in the disorder of the times to have been abandoned to ruin and the wretches who commonly hang upon its traces. Here and there a loftier pile than common gave intimation that enterprise had once endeavored to force itself in this direction, but had probably been repressed by the tyrannical and absurd enactments which from time to time had aimed to confine the swelling bulk of the city within its ancient enclosure. Of these structures, one which rose immediately upon the river-side had attracted a peculiar share of popular distrust and superstition. It was reputed to have been of old the abode of a prelate, who at a period of cruel scarcity had contrived to fill its vast subterranean galleries with grain, which neither the love of God nor of his fellow man could induce him to distribute. But the wretch had perished with his horde, and those who essayed to enter had been dismayed by a voice which echoed through the vaults; 'Touch not the corn! the archbishop and all that is his are accursed!' With so evil a reputation, the place was little likely to be disturbed, and imposture had probably favored and perpetuated the legend, in order to cover and protect one of its chosen retreats.

I had approached this building on the occasion spoken of, with little thought of such matters, when my attention was arrested by two persons standing before the door. They were evidently in disguise, and bent on some purpose which courted concealment. At a signal given, the door, by some invisible means, swung open for their admission, but instead of closing after them, as might have been expected, remained open until I also had reached it. No motive of mere curiosity had then any weight with me; but I had remarked, as I thought, something in the carriage of these strangers which denoted a superiority to the usual frequenters of such resorts; and it immediately occurred to me that this mysterious visit might not be without its connection with the political movements of the time. Neither puritan nor royalist, I knew, was fastidious in the choice of instruments, or unwilling to take counsel with darkness and infamy, when such auxiliaries gave promise of being in any way useful. The justification of means by the end was the favorite ethics of the age. As I was now constantly possessed by a hope that from some quarter a suggestion might arise which would enable me see in what manner my efforts could be most successfully directed

to bring about that issue of public affairs which I wished, but had almost begun to despair of, I did not hesitate to take advantage of the opportunity which here seemed to offer itself. No sooner however had I stepped across the threshold, than as if my approach had been waited for, and my entrance the signal, the door closed heavily behind me, and I stood within, alone and in darkness.

There was now no declining the adventure. I proceeded therefore to grope my way cautiously forward, along what seemed a vaulted gallery, which from the gradual descent and the dampness of the air might, I judged, open upon the river. But before I had advanced far, a light glimmering from another and narrower passage, at right angles to the first, turned my steps in that direction. The position of this light had prevented its being seen from the entrance. The second passage terminated in a pannelled recess, or cabinet, furnished with a small open casement, by means of which I became the spectator of a scene scarcely more unexpected than startling, and which little corresponded with the exterior desolation of the building.

Somewhat below the level on which I stood, appeared a large circular room, hung on all sides with heavy crimson drapery, and brilliantly illuminated, though by what means it was impossible to discern. On one side stood a massive table, supported by sculptured figures, and covered with scrolls of parchment and various implements of mystic significance, distinctive of the then prevalent arts of alchemy and astrology. Adjoining this was an elaborately carved and antique chair, surmounted by a stately canopy. As my eye wandered around, I perceived the two persons whom I had noticed in the street, standing at the opposite side of the room, still retaining their disguise, and apparently in an attitude of suspense or expectation.

The purpose of the visit might now be conjectured, and I determined to await its issue. Thus far no visible agency had interfered in the arrangements or incidents of the scene. But now a fold of the drapery was lifted up, a female advanced, and without appearing to notice those who were present, occupied the vacant chair. If the spectacle had been calculated before to impress the mind with a sense of illusion, this was carried to its height by the sudden entrance and striking appearance of this woman, who seemed to preside in solitude over the mysteries of the place. Her form was of the finest proportions, and her features, which were of an oriental caste, arrested the attention not more by their extraordinary beauty than by something in their serene and noble expression which tempered the admiration at first excited into sympathy and respect. She was clad in a robe of sacerdotal whiteness, and a white veil floating backward over her shoulders, while it well relieved the glossy blackness of her hair, gave to view a smooth and lofty brow, on which no earthly passion seemed ever to have cast a shade. But in the remaining lineaments of her face, notwithstanding its almost præternatural calmness, there might have been read a history of troubled experiences, of sorrow subdued into patience and thought exalted into fixed and steadfast resolve. As I gazed on so fascinating a vision,

seated thus with downcast eyes and immoveable features, every conception of the vulgar sorceress faded from my view. I seemed to look rather on some inspired priestess; such as Deborah might have been, as she sat beneath the palm-tree in Ramah, or Judith, as she watched at midnight in the tent of the doomed Assyrian. It was no longer possible to measure the ascendancy of such a being over credulous and impressible minds; but in my own feelings there was mingled an emotion for which I could not account; as if memory strove to recover some lost association, or some inexplicable sympathy intimated to me a concern in her history, deeper than any of which I could then be conscious.

The two visitors to this strange *adytum* seemed to hesitate, but they were summoned forward by the enchantress herself. 'Approach,' she said, in tones of singular sweetness, but without lifting her eyes; 'here there is no necromantic art; no compact with the powers of evil; nothing to awaken suspicion, or justify apprehension. The HIGHEST in His mercy has poured forth the fountain from the lowliest vallies: truth may flow from the lips of the humblest and weakest of His creatures.'

The parties addressed advanced, but still without removing their masks. 'It matters not,' said the woman, for the first time looking up: 'those to whom heaven has revealed the heart, have no need to scrutinize the features. You Lambert, and you Fleetwood, can have but one interest at heart in thus venturing to seek truth in the suspected asylum where the wise of this world affect to scorn and the vulgar fear to find it.'

I could not but be startled when the persons thus named withdrew their masks, and discovered two of the most thorough-going puritans and determined republicans of the age; men who had knelt in fanatical zeal at the head of kneeling armies, and in their hatred of every thing which they deemed superstition, not only imbued their hands in blood, but vented their undistinguishing rage upon senseless walls. Yet was there in reality no cause for surprise at this exhibition of a weakness, from which the sectaries of that day had by no means disenthralled themselves, when they declared war on the mass and the surplice. On the contrary, never was the belief in the possibility of a direct præternatural intercourse with the spiritual world more general than then; the highest minds stooping on this subject to the level of the lowest. The popular rage which pursued the professions of occult wisdom was the effect of common terror, but the proof of common credulity. In the wild ferment of the times the eyes of all were strained to catch a glimpse of the future in the magic mirror which the adept professed to hold up before them; though like children they trembled as they looked, and in a paroxysm of fear and anger, dashed it to pieces.

'They who fear the SUPREME,' said Fleetwood, in reply to the last remark, 'neither fear nor scorn to seek truth wherever it may be found. They wisely distrust and utterly abhor all, however seemingly true, which proceeds from the equivocating oracles of him who was a liar from the beginning. But gifts have been aforesaid

conferred, for the purpose of enabling the righteous to baffle their enemies. And it is held that even now some traces of this power have been permitted to linger among men, for the guidance of those who discreetly seek, with the purpose of righteously using, the knowledge it confers.'

'Faint,' replied the woman, 'faint indeed, are the glimmerings of that light which still lingers among men: a twilight dimly disclosing the events of a few coming hours; not the broad blaze which threw its light over the transactions of ages. Yet what if some traces of this spirit remain with me? Shall I refuse to utter that which is given me, because bloody laws confound the guilty and innocent, and involve true science in the same doom with accursed necromancy? Behold even now, as beneath their disguise your persons were not unknown to me, so before your lips have uttered it, the motives of your coming lie clearly unveiled before me.'

'Spare us the disclosure then,' said Fleetwood; 'declare what your knowledge suggests concerning them.'

'A man of renown,' she resumed, 'a man terrible in war, subtle in counsel; such an one once dreamed that a crown lay temptingly in his path. Even now, he would fain stretch forth his hand to it, though it hath not yet fallen. You would know if the glittering bauble shall ever encircle his head. I have looked into futurity: no crown shall ever rest upon it.'

This prediction could not but be so far satisfactory to the two republicans. After a moment's pause, the conversation was resumed by Lambert.

'If this be true, still there are interests dearer to the hearts of God's people than the destinies of any individual. All is at stake; success itself has disarmed the successful; the faithful waver in their counsels, and brethren plot and counterplot against each other. The Ark of the Covenant totters, and there is no hand bold or pure enough to stretch itself forth to uphold it.'

'Your secret thought,' said the female, 'though your words are designedly vague and ambiguous, aims at an event which, while England might yet be called a kingdom, it was death to imagine. Yet have I turned my eyes in that direction; but it is as though they became filled with blood, and the solemn future, whatever it be, refuses to give up to me its mystery.'

'Nay,' said Lambert, 'it is you yourself who now speak ambiguously and darkly.'

'It is nevertheless as I say. There are events in the future around which gathers a darkness so thick that the unassisted eye of the seer can never penetrate it. Yet are there resources in science sufficient to extort even these secrets from the mystery that shrouds them; but it must be in behalf of others to whom heaven permits them to be visible, while to him who is the feeble instrument of the revelation, they remain unseen and inscrutable. But why talk I of the depths of science to those who falter even in its shallows? Was not Doctor Lamb torn to pieces in the streets of London upon bare suspicion of having cultivated that sublime art which explores the

mysteries of the universe, not as the vulgar falsely suppose by diabolic intercourse, but by lonely watchings beneath the pale stars, by silent contemplation, by wasting study pursued through every form of privation, self-denial and reproach? Worldly men who deal in no arts but those which cozen and betray for the furtherance of their selfish interests, do well to hate and despise those who toil only for wisdom, and find their reward in contempt and contumely, often in poverty, sometimes even in an ignominious death.'

'There *are* means then,' rejoined Lambert, 'by which future events may be projected on the eye, and the forms of the absent and remote be made palpable to the waking sense?'

'Means,' added Fleetwood, 'which imply no confederation with nor assistance from the Evil One and his agents?'

'I have said,' replied the woman. 'But ere ye go farther, beware how ye tamper with powers which however innocent in themselves and their operation, have not in your eyes the clear evidence of right. I will tempt no man to overstep the line of conviction which his own conscience has drawn around him. That alone is the circle within which each one walks in safety; wider it may be with some, narrower with others. But who can tell, that hath once set his foot beyond it, to what illusions he may be exposed? what powers of darkness and error may be waiting to ensnare and destroy him?'

Fleetwood and Lambert looked doubtingly at one another for some moments. At length the latter spoke: 'Woman,' he said, 'we came not hither to tempt or to be tempted; neither to commune with the agents of Satan nor to palter with an idle curiosity. I have said already that divisions and differences have invaded the counsels of God's people and peril the safety of His holy cause. On a token from the future (if such might be) much would depend. There are hands which would not hesitate to do the work of the Lord promptly and thoroughly, even as Ehud smote Eglon, were the signs of danger made plain and unequivocal. It has been told us that to you and your science the righteous cause has been already indebted for revelations which have snatched it from unsuspected dangers, and opened the way to decisive successes. A practice in which Satan was the prompter would have been employed, not on the side of the Lord's host, but on that of pride, sin and prelacy. Whatever then may be within the compass of your art we fearlessly abide; knowing not the limits that have been appointed to human science, but scorning and defying every counterfeit work of the devil and his angels.'

No more was said; but the woman leaned forward on the table, with her hands covering her face. In a few moments the whole scene seemed to fade from sight; the apartment grew dimmer and dimmer; at length it was plunged into total darkness. This continued for some time, accompanied by unbroken silence. Then, although the body of the apartment remained in obscurity, a light, faint at first, but gradually growing in intensity, gleamed from the side opposite to which I was stationed. The drapery there had been withdrawn, and clouds of lurid vapor seemed rising as from an abyss.

The mistress of the spell was herself no longer visible; but as the folds of vapor gradually assumed consistency, the following spectacle projected itself on the eye with a distinctness and vivacity at once wonderful and appalling.

A room was seen hung with symbols of the deepest mourning. In the centre, a pall of black velvet rested on a coffin, at the head of which were placed lighted flambeaux. Around the room, in attitudes of silent grief, were disposed persons whom I immediately recognised as some of the confidential servants of the king. Suddenly a form rose, or rather embodied itself, beside the coffin. It stood, the living presentment of CROMWELL in air, person, features; and seemed to bend on the uncovered face of the dead a look of gloomy but gratified interest. After a short interval, this part of the vision was changed. Another form (whose, I knew too well, for the eyes were not now bent upon the corpse, but directed full upon myself,) occupied the place of the first. In one hand the fatal axe, and in the other, lifted by the hair from its cerements, was the severed and bloody head! Enough; it was THE EXECUTIONER, painted faithfully after his own thought, and the VICTIM through whose veins were still coursing the warm currents of life! Yet had the terrible reality to come nothing more real to sight than the life-like and startling distinctness of that ghastly phantasma.

Confronted as I was by images to which my mind had long been familiar, I yet could not but close my eyes momentarily on what seemed a frightful realization of my own secretly-cherished ideas. When I recollected myself, the spell had passed away; the light was extinguished; darkness and silence alone seemed to occupy this theatre of unhallowed sorceries, if not of wicked and damnable delusions. Presently however a voice as at my side spoke in tones which I easily recognised, though heard so lately for the first time: 'Listen,' it said; 'to you the vision has been vouchsafed. Heaven has accepted you as its instrument. Not now however is there need of force and violence; policy must finish what the sword has failed to terminate. As your injuries have been deep and irreparable, be pitiless, resolved, but circumspect. Depart hence, and following the passage which you first entered, entrust yourself without questioning to those who await you. Seek not to know more at present; the time will come when all shall be fulfilled and all be made clear.'

'IRREGULARITIES OF GENIUS.'

INSCRIBED ON A BLANK-LEAF OF 'BIG ABEL AND THE LITTLE MANHATTAN.'

If in a picture, Priso, you should see
A handsome woman with a fish's tail,
Or a man's head upon a horse's neck,
Or limbs of beasts, of the most different kinds,
Covered with feathers of all sorts of birds;
Would you not laugh and think the painter mad?
Trust me, that Book is as ridiculous,
Whose incoherent style, like sick men's dreams,
Varies all shapes and mixes all extremes,

THE LAST AUTUMNAL WALK.

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

WHEN last we paced these sylvan wilds, dear friend !
Each shrub, and tree, and swarded plat between,
Were flush with balmy June, and every nook
Of all the grove could boast its own sweet lyre.
Our path was paved with shadows gaily flecked
With drops of golden sunlight, as it were
The print of angels' topaz-sandal'd feet
Upon the glowing turf ; and as we strayed
From glen to glen, no dusky forms kept pace
With our own steps along the browner shades.
Thine arm was linked in mine, and oftentimes
We paused in very impotence of joy
Amid the general gladness ; then, anon,
With lips attuned to Nature's happy choirs,
Broke into songs spontaneous as their own.
Methinks, indeed, that Memnon's wondrous harp
Was less responsive to the touch of morn
Than thy young heart to every shifting phase
Of those dim vistas of the warbling wild.

Four moons have run their cycles since we stood
In summer's green pavilion, then so gay,
But now so changed : we often pause at loss
For some dear feature of the faded scene,
Some wood-nymph lingering in her lonely haunts.
No bird recalls the merry lays of June,
No flower its sweets, no bough its rustling shades :
Through all the roofless grove the sun stares in
With unobstructed gaze ; and as we pass,
Twin shadows glide beside us arm-in-arm,
With silent footfall on the dying leaves ;
Now when we pause, 't is not with gushing strains
To swell the sylvan echoes, but to blend
Our sigh with Nature's as in funeral stole
Forlorn she follows Autumn's passing bier.
And, dearest ! while I mark thy downcast eyes,
Whence summer's smiles shone out so warm and clear,
A mist is stealing o'er their fading light,
And silvery rain from out their soft blue depths
Falls audibly upon the rustling leaves.

Yet know, sweet mourner ! and assured, take heart,
That 'neath these russet cerements, not in death,
But quick quiescence, sleep the hopes of Spring !
No seed, no germ, no bulb of vanished flower,
No folded bud o'er all the bosky wild,
Is numbered with the dying or the dead :
Nay, in the palsied heart of these bare trees,
Life's lingering pulse, though faint and cold, still beats.
A few brief months, and we will stand again
Upon the forest knoll, and see the boughs
Wave their green banners in the gales of spring ;

And list enchanted to the flying harps
 That fill the leafy aisles with ceaseless joy.
 Before our steps the velvet sward again
 Shall spread its sun-flecked shadows; and full oft
 By marge of murmuring stream thy fairy foot
 Shall sink in tufted mosses instep-deep;
 What time the cornel and the hawthorn shower
 Their bloomy snows upon the scented air,
 And every floral chrysalis awakes
 To life and beauty from its shrouded sleep.

Meanwhile, dear friend! in our suburban cot
 Thy favorite flowers shall nestle winter long.
 And day and night with balmy silence breathe
 Expressive thanks; for in the genial glow
 Of thy fond smiles they shall not miss the warmth
 Of sunny skies, nor in thy household songs
 Their sylvan choirs, but deem 't is summer still.
 Thyself their Flora, from thy gentle hand
 Shall fall the needed dews from day to day;
 Till vernal suns and voice of vernal birds
 Shall call us forth to these dear wilds again!

November, 1845.

MORAVIANS, AND THE GNATTENHUTTEN MASSACRE.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

THE events of the Revolution are fraught with so much interest, that we are apt to overlook or undervalue the incidents of contemporaneous history. There is one part of American history yet to be fully written. The efforts of the Moravians, under the supervision of their Bishop and Great Controller, Count Zinzendorf, to establish Christianity upon the American continent; the struggles, the alarms, the dangers, the escapes, the massacres, and oftentimes the successes, which attended those efforts, have been almost forgotten amidst the discussions on taxation, the animadversions on tyranny, and the loud-sounding encomiums on national glory.

It would be no undignified office for the historic or epic muse to rehearse the daring adventures of the real moral heroes, whose sphere of action was circumscribed neither by the icy and cheerless region of Greenland, nor by the warm and sunny plains of Guiana; whose converts so far back as 1749 might have been found so remote from each other as five degrees and forty-one minutes and sixty-five degrees North latitude; whose footsteps of peace were imprinted in perennial snow, and whose incense of Love arose from perennial flowers; whose triumphs amid the hostility of savages and the enmity of white men were as honorable as they were humble; and whose whole lives were examples of perseverance tempered by charity, and of zeal wedded to love. Since the time of the Reformation perhaps there has arisen no church

whose character has been so remarkable. One of the church historians claims for the Moravians, or *Unitas Fratrum*, a direct and regular deduction from the primitive apostolic church, through successive generations of men, who never acknowledged the supremacy nor partook of the corruption of the church of Rome. In 1722 a large number of Moravians found a refuge in Hernhurth, in Saxony, the domain of Count Zinzendorf; hence their name Hernhutters, so commonly applied. They adopted the Augsburg Confession of Faith, and all of the essentials of Christianity. They had, however, many peculiarities which distinguished them from other churches; which were the cause of a great deal of acrimonious dispute in the last century, and which left their impress upon all the communities which they established. Count Zinzendorf was held up to the execration of the Christian world for his heretical ideas and blasphemous ordinances. He taught that industry was a part of religion, designed by the will of God as an instrument of its fulfilment. He established many of the primitive practices, such as saluting with a kiss, washing the feet, and the casting of lots. The count visited America in 1742, and 'by his zeal,' says Kalm, 'led many persons to believe that he was disordered in his intellects;' of which the historian Grahame remarks, (and the remark is a fair summing up of Zinzendorf's character,) that it was 'a reproach which the apostolic zeal of the first Christian pastors attracted, and which the count seems equally to have merited by the rare elevation of his views, the fervor of his piety, and the energy of his labors.'

As a society, the Moravians were distinguished from other sects by the scrupulous neatness and exactness of their economy; by their unwearied patience and industry in whatever they undertook; by the unaffected simplicity of their manners, by their forbearance under insult, and by their meekness under persecution. These qualities well and peculiarly fitted them to become missionaries. They possessed in their ecclesiastical polity all the peaceful and meek principles of the Quaker, with all the principles (in so far as they are good,) which have made the Jesuits the most expert in proselytism. Every thing was accomplished by religious influences. All the ordinary details of life were subjected to one great influence, centred in the church; consequently wherever they moved they left impressions not only of Christianity, but of *Moravian* Christianity.

In 1727 they began their career as missionaries, and through various and strange vicissitudes they continued actively engaged upon the American continent. Large numbers came to Pennsylvania, and the civilization of the Iron State is not a little indebted to the simple-hearted Hernhutters, as well as to the unassuming Quakers.

We have thus glanced at some of the peculiarities and acts of the Moravians, in order the better to rehearse a tale of mournful truth connected with their history in America. It is our purpose now only to sketch one among the many incidents which attended

the Moravian on his westward path through the forests of Pennsylvania and of Ohio; but to him who rejoices at the moral bravery of his kind, to him whose associations cluster around these scenes of moral heroism, even this simple sketch may be listened to with an eager ear.

The murder of the Christian Indians on the banks of the Muskingum in Ohio, in 1782, is often referred to by those who have written about the West; but there is so much obscurity hanging around it, that the event is one by no means widely known, and of which perhaps a full account can never be given.

Long before the Wyoming Massacre, the Moravian Indians who lived then on the banks of the Susquehannah and the Beaver, removed, by the permission of the Ohio Indians, to the banks of the Muskingum and Sandusky. They built upon the bank of the former stream, the Muskingum, now known as the Tuscarawas, a branch of the Muskingum, the villages of Schönbrunn, Salem, Lichtenau and Gnattenhütten.

For some ten years they continued to live in these places in delightful tranquillity; a very model of a little state, whose only caste is virtue; whose only nobility is Christianity. The Moravian missionaries were the political, social and spiritual teachers. Their kindness enforced obedience by the gentle cogency of love. The simple-hearted Indians gave themselves freely to the guidance of the good Moravian. There were no bickerings for office, no quarrels for property, no intestine alarms, to break the dove-like spell which hovered as on a golden wing over their little society. Theirs was a community which a Plato might have studied and profited by the study; for it embodied a spirit which the philosopher of the academy, with all the glancing splendor of his contemplation, could not divine—the spirit of CHRIST; the spirit of humble man beautifully harmonizing with colossal Divinity! Every jarring discord became melody under its influence. The harsh savage was softened by its potency. The Indians had just been aroused from the wild superstitious dream in which they had unconsciously indulged; a dream of terrific spectres and blood-craving Manittos, who peopled the air, tenanted the caves, and hung over the valleys of the Western streams; and now, by a change from some unseen enchantment, they were transported to a fairy ‘Bower of Bliss,’ where the bird answered to the voice, the voice to the water-fall, the water-fall to the wind, and the ‘gentle warbling wind’ to all Nature, tuneful with peace and love. The solitary forests with a lowering sky had instilled into the Indian an awful imagination; his fears heightened the horror which brooded over the scene; and although there were no air-castles with pallid ladies and steel-clad knights, to give the wild interest which hangs around the mythology of Northern Europe; although there was no extravagant romance, no wonderful deeds of chivalry; although there was no attractive legend clinging like the living presence of Beauty to each whispering grove and tinkling fountain, such as clung around the groves and fountains of ancient Greece; yet there was something in the gloomy and strange

conceptions of the red man of the American forest which was thrillingly and awfully delightful. But now, by the untiring zeal of the Moravian, some hundreds or thousands of these children of nature were free from their religion of fear. Hope with her Iris tints painted the horizon. A new soul seemed embodied in the stalwart frame; new objects flitted before the eye; and as if by a magic wand, they were moved by the missionary to follow the path of Christian fellowship and civilization. Sunk in the depths of the forest on the bank of the Muskingum, far from the din of the revolutionary strife, these children of the forest sought their homes. Now and then a faint echo of the struggle reached their ears; now and then some hostile band of Indians would hang like a cloud around their valley. Once indeed they were so alarmed at some rumors of a hostile nature that they precipitately removed to the Sandusky, and built there the towns of New-Salem and Pillgaruth; but the ensuing spring they returned to the beautiful country on the Muskingum.

In the year 1781 the governor of Pittsburgh had released a large number of Indians who had been taken prisoners by the Americans on account of some suspicion of aiding the British. The humane conduct of the American governor greatly incensed the white marauders who were then living on the margin of civilization. These were a set of men ready to band together under any pretence, at any time, for the purpose of attacking and plundering the Indians, upon whom they looked as nothing better than Canaanites, wrongfully occupying a land promised by the ALMIGHTY, and designed for the especial benefit of the white man. An unusual number of these characters, the pests and sometimes the pioneers of a new country, scourged the country around Pittsburgh. They consisted mostly of desperate men, who were ill at ease under the restraints of society; who loved the life of roving freemen; caring as little for human life as for the restraints of law; despising as heartily the precepts of common morality as they did the red men of the woods. One may often see this class of men passing through the villages of the western frontier, with hasty stride and downcast look, as if ashamed to gaze at the open face of smiling and cultivated fields, or afraid to meet the steady gaze of the civilized citizen. They will be pointed out with many a tale of infamy accompanying the gesture; tales of mysterious murders of white men and of Indians, of belated travelers and of poor emigrants.

About the 1st of March, 1782, rumor had collected a large number of these American Ishmaelites. She reported that a large number of Indians were on their way from the towns on the Sandusky with provisions for the towns on the Muskingum; and all of the marauders in and around Pittsburgh, thirsting for some new adventure, and longing for a new chance to plunder, met together to concert measures to march to the West, destroy the settlements of the Moravians on the Muskingum, capture or kill the inhabitants, and then proceed to Sandusky; in fine, to cut off the whole race of the believing Indians. The authorities of the American Congress at Pittsburgh, as soon as they heard of this nefarious enterprise, de-

spatched couriers to the Indian towns; but the sequel will show how futile was the good endeavor.

Let us, without following the straight path of adventure, turn aside to the village of Gnattenhutzen, the principal of those towns which had aroused the cupidity of the whites. This village consisted of some fifty or more huts and log cabins, built with reference principally to comfort, but not without a certain air of neatness, unusual in an Indian town. There was one cabin, much larger than the rest, near the centre of the village, set apart for a Christian meeting-house. Each family possessed a certain plat of land back of the village for the purpose of cultivation; already the 'stake and ridered' fence was beginning to enclose the cleared land, and cultivation began to change the appearance of the adjacent country. For ten years the Indians had loved this valley; it was very fertile, peculiarly fitted to raise their corn; possessing great abundance of wood; the river was beautiful, and full of the best fish; the woods were full of choicest game; and altogether the situation was one of pleasure and safety. True it was surrounded by warlike Indians; but they harmed not the peaceful Indians; like the thorns by which the bird guards her nest and young, they wounded not, but rather protected them from the incursions of enemies.

On the fifth of March, the inhabitants of Gnattenhutzen heard by a vague rumor that a murder had been committed on the Ohio by a number of warriors of the Iroquois, and that in consequence the whites were on the trail of the murderers; were threatening to demolish every Indian town, and to slaughter every red man whom they should meet. On the evening of the same day, the people of Gnattenhutzen were assembled in the large cabin for worship. A shade of anxiety could be discerned on their brow; in solemn silence they sat for some minutes; a silence only broken and made more painful by the melancholy dirge of the whippoorwill, who from the copse of willows below the meeting-house trilled his song on the still air. The missionary arose, and with a pious gesture, bade them lift their hearts to God, and bend their knees in adoration. All knelt; and the Lord's prayer was repeated in the silver-sounding tones of the Delaware tongue. After the impressive *Amen* had given the wonted joy to the heart, an aged Indian arose, and briefly spoke as follows: 'Our white brother who missed the hatchet of the warrior Iroquois is here. The warrior was on the shore of the beautiful river; (the Ohio.) The warrior had scalped the pale woman; and our brother says that the white man will come like the tempest, to uproot every tree of the forest. Shall the peaceful Christian Indian leave the willows of the Elk's river (the Muskingum,) and seek the large lakes of the North?' No lip moved. At length one of the Moravians arose, and said that the Americans would not harm the Christian Indians; that the only enemies of the Americans were the hostile tribes which had been bought by the British to ravage the borders. The faces of the Indians assumed their accustomed look; a murmur of confidence passed in monosyllables around; and the missionary told again to them the story of the Divine Man of Galilee.

The answering sobs and grateful tears of the good Delawares rewarded the good man for years of suffering. 'The stoic of the woods, the man without a tear,' now melted into tenderness and humility at the simple rehearsal of the REDEEMER's trials, and the glorious consummation by which all men, the red as well as the white, are 'made equal in fortune's inequality,' and in the eye of the Supreme Intelligence. Such a scene in the depth of western wilds in the eighteenth century, acted by the untutored red men, should crimson the face of self-styled Civilization! The rough Indian had been transmuted by some potent charm into the mild Christian! The hard, intertwined, knotty-fibred oak had been polished, and its very gnarled nature made it susceptible of a most beautiful finish!

The sun arose right cheerfully on the raw morning of the sixth day of March; and the coolness of the night passed by the band of marauders at the junction of the Walhonding and Tuscarawas, gave an added cheer to the fine sunshine. After partaking of their breakfast, collecting their blankets and utensils, and depositing them in the canoes which were chained at the bank to the overhanging trees; after drinking freely from the whisky keg, and having lit their pipes of mixed tobacco and *kinnekinick*, (the name, if spelt aright, of an Indian bark frequently used for smoking,) they all seated themselves preparatory to a move up the Tuscarawas to the town of Gnattenhutzen. The slanting sun rays glanced beautifully on the water, renowned before the 'improvements' of modern times, for its crystal transparency. The pebbles, though many feet beneath, seemed as plain as if shielded only by impalpable air. The margin of the stream was closely guarded by sentinels of bending sycamores, which had been accustomed from their sapling days to bow their forms to the semi-annual floods of the river. Between these old warders the party began to move. They passed on unchallenged; yet they watched these old trees suspiciously, for it was no unusual thing in those days for boat loads to be riddled by rifle balls mysteriously winged from the shade or cover of the overshadowing trees. Now and then, at the beck of their leader, they ceased paddling their canoes; and when expecting an enemy or an Indian (for to them they were the same) a stag making his way to the brink would appear, take one proud glance at the intruders, then at his antlers mirrored on the silver stream, and dart away like a thought.

The band was a curious one to look at. Modern Europe or ancient, ancient Asia or modern, never saw an expedition like it. Our limits will not permit us to particularize. We might, now that Time has flung its many-colored veil over those scenes, call on Fancy with her palette and brush to paint a group of strange figures of grotesque appearance. We will however confine ourselves to the general outlines of fact. Look at the men; and if you doubted the possibility of such an enterprise, the impossibility vanishes before the glance. See their browned visages; their reckless-looking and care-wrinkled countenances; some with unshorn beards, others with shaggy, fierce whiskers; see their broad shoulders, brawny arms,

and rough bodies covered with buckskin breeches and blue hunting-shirts; see their wild roving eyes and dare-devil expression, as they sit in their canoes, telling with coarse jests and coarser oaths their adventures with the red skins, and bragging over their adventures with a noisy self-importance. See and hear this; consider the strong prejudices against the Indians which they nursed within them, and you will not wonder that the *civilized* white man is now bent on the murder of the *savage* red man. Hear them laugh at the idea of an Indian being a Christian; hear them curse the red race for some deed of treachery which we could pardon in an Indian, and which may have been of far less turpitude than the object of their present expedition. About a mile below Gnattenhutzen they concealed their canoes in a little creek which emptied into the Tuscarawas on the east side. Powder-horns and shot pouches were slung over their shoulders, their rifles primed anew, a few chosen to guard the canoes, and eager for a fray, they received their orders to move. Before they proceeded far they saw approaching a young man (not an Indian) dressed after their own manner. Before he was within speaking distance, they fired and wounded him so much that he could not escape. This young man, whose name was Schebosch, was the son of a white man — a Christian — and resided at Gnattenhutzen, where he was beloved by all the Christian congregation. As soon as they had wounded him they surrounded him. According to the accounts of the marauders themselves, he told them who he was, and begged in piteous tones that they would spare his life. Heedless of his prayers, at the beck of the captain, several of the men pulled their hatchets coolly from their belts, and with an atrocity that would have shamed an Algerine pirate, coolly hacked this already wounded young Christian to pieces. He could tell no tale to the living. Let us seek a momentary relief by turning our steps to the peaceful Indian village.

The sun of the sixth morning of March was scaling the hills, and before its full orb was seen above the horizon, the people of the village were in the house of worship. After a fervent offering of their guileless hearts to the God of Peace and of Love, they retired to their usual work. Some to fell trees, and to maul them into rails; some were preparing the ground; some were hunting; some fishing; others tapping the maples; and all were more or less engaged, a thing unusual in a community of Indians. The sceptic of the refined world might have found in this pleasant vale and in those days of hardihood, an argument for Christianity and for its congruity with human nature, which no ingenuity or sophistry could invalidate. Intemperance was seen as seldom there as idleness; the spade had taken the place of the war club; the deadly tomahawk had been superseded by the useful adze; their only trail was the furrow fresh turned by the glistening share; the wild war halloo no longer awoke the echo of the woods; but the Christian hymn, sung sweetly as an Italian air, had developed the exquisite harmony of the Delaware tongue, and embodied the beating spirit of the Delaware believer. Nature to them — the children of Nature — began to wear the

smiling face of the fond mother; for a new spirit 'drank the spectacle.' The very birds were heard with new feelings; the humming bird buzzing from flower to flower; the wild swan as he trumpeted his voice through the winding vale; and the mocking bird tuning his hundred little pipes to varied melody; all were vocal with praise to their CREATOR; and as the peaceful Indian listened he felt grateful to that CREATOR that he had sent the white man to tell his existence, his glory, and the infinite mercy of His Son. Ah! little did he think that the white man, with *murder* in his heart, was near!

The shrill winding of the horn, at the hour of noon, drew the peaceful Indians of Gnattenhutten to the sugar camp below the village. Squaws, papooses, men and missionaries, all save young Schebosch, were there to partake of their dinner under the tall juicy maples, and to witness the grand 'stirring off.' Each family had a cluster of trees, a lot of troughs, and a large brass kettle. The night preceding had been cool, and under the warmth of the morning sun the sap had flowed freely. The women, as was customary, had collected it, boiled and attended it through all its forms, from the thin sweet water to the honied syrup; and now it was reduced to the requisite thickness; all were to assist in pouring it into the broad wooden dishes, and in stirring it briskly until it should granulate and become their palatable and perhaps only luxury. It was a merry time, as all such times yet are among the sugar-makers. Children ran hither and thither in gleeful activity; women directed the operations and the men with hearty cheerfulness obeyed. More than one bright-eyed Delaware girl leaped for joy at her success in the test of cooling and stirring. It was at this hilarious hour that the marauders unnoticed surrounded the camp. What a victory was theirs! The triumph of the snake over the tuneful, unconscious bird! As if ashamed of their easy victory, and seeing the peaceful and harmless occupation of the Indians, the marauders approached them in an *apparently* friendly spirit; they made excuses for their appearance; they told the amazed and unsuspecting Indians to go to their homes; at the same time promising that no injury should happen to them; but that they would be protected from the British and hostile Indians. These Americans, as they called themselves, condoled with the Indians for their former perils and losses; and the Indians, in guilelessness of heart, believed what was promised, went home with the *Americans*, and treated them with generous and Christian hospitality. During the afternoon, the whites found a barrel of wine, which the Indians used in partaking of the Lord's supper; and on this discovery, as a pretext, they waxed very wroth; pretended great anger; hinted at the tampering of the British; and threatened to send all the Indians immediately to Pittsburgh. The Indians heard this with no less surprise than resignation; they delivered to the whites, at their demand, all the guns, hatchets, and other weapons of the village. Moreover, in their unsuspecting innocence they showed these *Americans* all the things which they had secreted (as was the custom then) in the woods out of the sight of the hostile Indians, who occasionally visited their village. They also emptied their bee

hives to please and entertain their guests. In the mean time, these cunning whites expressed an earnest desire to see the neighboring Moravian town of Salem, on the west bank of the river. A party of whites were conducted thither; expressed great good-will toward the Indians there; and by heightening their danger, persuaded them to give them all the things in their possession, promising to return them when they should all arrive at Pittsburgh, where the kind care of the Americans would recompense them for their hasty removal. These hypocritical desperadoes had the audacity to profess themselves Christians, and in order to lull entirely any wakeful suspicion, they questioned the Indians about Scriptural truth; professed great anxiety for the salvation of their souls; and thus, by detestable duplicity, completely won the confidence and love of the simple-hearted people. Would that this were mere fiction! It is too real; and if the history of the Indians of America, even of those whose conversion to Christianity had given them some reason to expect fair treatment, common honesty and decent respect from the white man, could be written: if the sealed leaves which contain the recitals of meanness practised toward the Indians, converted and unconverted, could be opened to the light of impartiality, a catalogue of black and despicable crimes, lies, cheating and murders would be exhibited, that would make the heart of the good citizen ache, and enlist his sympathies with the scattered remnants of the red race who yet breathe the air of the western wilds. We forget, in our loud cry for the West and Oregon, that every impulse of the nation levels an Indian mound, and every step of the pioneer treads upon an Indian grave.

All that we shall hereafter tell of Gnattenhutzen shall be told with a colorless pen. While the band which had gone to Salem were conducting the Salem Indians to Gnattenhutzen, the remaining whites attacked and drove together the defenceless and startled Indians of Gnattenhutzen, and bound them all. By a preconcerted design, the conductors of the Salem Indians turned upon them before they reached Gnattenhutzen, despoiled them of every thing, even to their pocket knives, bound and conducted them in *triumph* into Gnattenhutzen.

The marauders now held a meeting to concert farther measures. 'What shall be done with the prisoners?' was the question; and in council assembled they deliberately declared, by a majority of voices, that they all should be murdered on the next day. The cold bloodedness of the *deliberation* chills the sickened heart. Is it possible that men with an idea above the cougar of the wood, with a feeling above the snake of the grass, could *deliberate* on so heinous a deed? For the honor of human nature we rejoice to know that a good minority of the band were made up of something like men; men whose hearts the simple goodness and Christian meekness of the Indians had touched. These dissented, entreated; but the vote passed; they wrung their hands in unaffected grief, calling God to witness that they were innocent of the blood of the harmless Christian Indian. The majority were unmoved; they only differed as to the mode; some *in mercy* were for burning them alive; others pre-

ferred the pleasure of taking with their own hands the scalps of the red skins; thus imitating as near as possible the worst feature in the worst of the savage character. The latter mode, as we might well suppose, was agreed upon. We can better conceive than describe the terror with which the Indians heard this. But they had an Indian's fortitude, and blent with it, a Christian's hope! They passed the night of the seventh of March in prayer and inter-consolation. On the morning, bound two and two, they were led into two houses; slaughter-houses, as the whites pleasantly named them; one for the men, the other for the *women and children*. Some of the band seemed impatient to dabble in the blood of innocence; a sort of delusion, like that which prevailed once in Europe, when persons thought they would become supremely happy if they could take the life of a child, or the sinless life of any one, seems to have seized upon these marauders. The Indians told those who were earliest in the house to gloat their eyes on the sight, to taunt and to jeer; that they were ready to die; that they had commended their souls to God; and that they were assured that HE would take them to HIMSELF forever. After this declaration, the murders began.

Oh! that such black, inhuman deeds should have been done on the virgin soil of Muskingum! We can hear without emotion of the deaths by faggot, sword and rack in the old world; they seem to be associated with the soil of the other hemisphere, and sometimes necessary for the purification and advancement of man. We can bear the sacrifice of blood in the contemporaneous deaths on our Atlantic coast; because every drop there shed throbbled with the life and liberty of future millions; but in this case, no association softens the contemplation; no iron grip of necessity demanded the sacrifice; but the associations of early days and happy hours around these scenes only serve, like the innocent infant in the painting of David, to make the murderous Cain start horribly from the canvass.

All Gnattenhutzen and Salem were murdered, save two boys, who although scalped, miraculously escaped. According to the accounts of the murderers themselves, a noble resolution and a Christian resignation made glorious their death. We cannot follow the murderers farther: how they sacked the town and fired it; how they destroyed the other Moravian towns; how they rioted like fiends in carnage and blood, may yet be told by some one who writes the history of the American Moravian. We have endeavored to detail the circumstances connected with the fall of Gnattenhutzen only. It is a subject somewhat obscure. Very few of those who now plough around and over the spots where these events took place, can tell the tale of the Moravian. The little which is known is indefinite; and thousands on the Ohio canal pass daily near this scene of early martyrdom, without a thought or an association by which to point out and celebrate the spot. The great West, with dashing progressiveness, sweeps by the few spots upon which the gray light of antiquity would fain fall and hallow. The genius of the Past shrinks pale and affrighted before the genius of the Future; while the latter, with the eagle glance of enterprise, 'points with untiring pur-

pose, onward, onward!' When this utilitarian frenzy shall have subsided into the madness of poetry, and the future poet of America shall write the epic by which the nuptials of America and Liberty shall be celebrated, and the men who, by 'proud oppression driven,' raised the standard of cis-Atlantic freedom shall be immortalized; may he not forget, in his rapture at the grandeur of his theme, to weave into his song a strain of pathos for the sufferings and of sublimity for the heroism of those Indian Christian martyrs who fell on the far-off banks of the Muskingum!

S. S. C.

T H E I D E A L A T T A I N E D .

BY HORATIO STONE.

SOME spirit led him on, herself disguising,
Through all the varied forms of Nature fair;
Through groves and shining vales, o'er heights surprising,
Through gem-illuminated caves and realms of air;
From all things where they sped, a magic light,
A smile of beauty, met his charmed sight.

And to his wakened soul the truth came stealing,
'T was Beauty's spirit, whose loved form he sought,
That made the world so fair, its charms revealing,
And fired his mind with art-inspiring thought.
He seized the pencil with impulsive joy,
To consecrate his powers in Art's employ:

And strive to body forth in fairest imitation
The exalted beauties we in Nature see;
To fix in lasting Form, in re-creation
Save, the transient charms that with the moment flee;
And with ideal grace and truth combined,
Express the lofty image of the mind.

And we have seen, in few brief years, with gladness,
His youthful genius veteran powers outrun;
But now, our hope and joy are turned to sadness!
For his career, so worthily begun,
With glorious promise of his riper age,
Has closed in death, in manhood's earliest stage!

Alas! what pain to him, to us what deep affliction,
Those first dread warnings brought that he must die!
When, hopeless of relief, the sad conviction
In silence settled in his speaking eye;
To see with sorrow dimmed its joyous glow,
Its genius-radiance, which ne'er ceased to flow.

Still placid was his mien; without repining,
His gentle nature bore the mournful fate;
Yet one could see, while manfully resigning
His cherished hopes, a shadow of regret;
The yearning that all gifted souls must feel,
Some work to finish, with Perfection's seal.

'Could I but finish!' — ah! that thought unspoken,
 Suppressed, we knew, oft rested on his tongue;
 And flashing gleams of hope would oft betoken
 How deeply in his soul unfading clung
 The Ideal Form, the beauteous Muse of Art,
 To whose bright image he would life impart.

'Fear not, bright son of art! thine ardent longing
 Full soon shall bring thee to the golden goal!
 So breathed the Muse; and then came swiftly thronging
 Spirits of strength and gladness to his soul:
 'Far in the genial South, 'mid fragrant bowers,
 Thou 'lt find renewal of life's shattered powers.'

She spake; and led him forth, all fear beguiling,
 In hopeful promise to that genial clime:
 'Soon shall you reach, in heaven's pure radiance smiling,
 The home of Beauty through the gates of Time!
 He died; and found the long-sought fount of youth,
 The pure Ideal, in the realm of Truth.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

BY PETER SCHEMIL.

'Ich habe gesehen, was (Ich weiss das) ich nicht würde geglaubt haben auf ihre erzählung.'

TELVIRANUS, TO COLERIDGE.

'I have seen what I am certain I would not have believed on your telling.'

SUCH of my readers as had the patience to accompany me through my last (and first) chapter, will appreciate the importance of her first party to Mrs. Smith, and the sinking in her very soul with which she recalled the last words of her husband. 'Was it possible they would prove his fixed, his fast and unalterable purpose?' She well knew his aversion to all her plans, and the reluctance with which he had been induced to comply with her wishes; and she threw herself on one of her sofas with a pang of agony at the fearfulness of his decision, and repeated the words in tones of the utmost grief: 'Lamps which never burn dim!' No such thing could exist; and yet on this sole condition rested the hopes of her life. At one moment she thought he must and would relent; and then she remembered but too well the stern and iron will which had never but once relinquished its hold of a purpose fully formed; and she feared, as she recollected the intense struggle she had witnessed in him on that evening, that this was fixed as fate.

While thus absorbed in thought, she was surprised to see the very GENTLEMAN IN BLACK, whom the unfortunate PETER SCHEMIL had met some years since, enter the room, with his hat in his hand, and with an air of the utmost humility and deference; and who, bowing very low, approached her, and in tones of voice singularly soft and winning, begged her pardon if he had intruded upon her; but

he said he could not leave the house without tendering his thanks, and expressing his high satisfaction with the pleasure he, in common with her large circle of friends, had received from the very splendid party to which she had invited them.

'Indeed, Sir,' said the lady, 'I was not aware of having had the pleasure of meeting you here this evening. You will forgive me if I have failed in any attentions which would have made your visit agreeable.'

'My dear Madam,' replied the Gentleman in Black, 'I assure you I am quite at home in Babylon the Less, and was happy to meet so many of my friends here to-night. It has been to me a most agreeable evening.'

'I fear,' said Mrs. Smith, with a tone of sadness, 'you are the only one of my guests who can say as much; to me it has been any thing but what I could have wished.'

'Indeed!' said the Gentleman, with an expression of sincerest sympathy; 'what change could you have wished made?'

'See,' said the lady, pointing to the coverings of her sofas and chairs, and to her carpets, all spotted with sperm, and then to the lamps burning dimly, and sending up their hateful columns of smoke through blackened chimneys; 'and my rooms, too, have been heated to suffocation, through the stupidity of the servant having the furnaces in his charge; so that altogether it has been to me a series of mishaps and a sad chapter of accidents.'

'My dear lady,' said the Gentleman in Black, 'you take all these matters too much to heart. I assure you I have found it very difficult indeed to so regulate the heat of my furnaces as to satisfy the demands of my guests; and it is the commonest of all complaints with them, that my rooms are somewhat over-heated. As to lighting saloons, too, I have often heard my friends say, that they were quite in the dark, notwithstanding all my pains-taking on this score. Indeed the subject of illumination had always been one of the utmost difficulty, and upon which a vast amount of time and money has been bestowed; if she had failed, it was what was an every-day occurrence. Rather I should say,' said he, smiling, 'an every-night occurrence.'

The lady smiled too, but it was at his poor attempt to be witty, and thought, 'He is no doubt a very simple-minded man.' He rose, looked at the spots on her sofas, and to her infinite surprise, held his hands for a moment over them, when they rapidly disappeared, as if they had been sublimed by a heated iron. Seeing her astonishment, he said quietly, that 'it was very easy to remove such stains,' and then proceeded to obliterate those upon her carpet; and having done so, he again seated himself in a lounge near to her, and asked her if he could in any way be useful to her. He had risen wonderfully in the lady's estimation, by his skill in the way of spots, and she thought, 'He is without doubt a very sensible man;' so readily do we change our minds, when we are conciliated in the way which best suits us.

Mrs. Smith asked him 'whether there did not exist lamps which

never went out ; that she had read of such things as having been once known ; and if they really existed, there was nothing she possessed that she would not give to procure them.

The Gentleman in Black looked at her with a fixed and admiring gaze, which lit up his eyes till they shone like diamonds ; and then casting his looks upon the carpet, he seemed lost in thought. The lady, it must be told, in this most truthful of all narratives, was a little flattered by the impression she had made upon this gentleman, and saw with secret satisfaction the struggle with which he was recovering his senses. He soon however found himself able to look up, and with his usual benignity of smile, said : It was indeed related that such lamps had been once known, but they were only used in tombs, and the light was at best but sepulchral, and entirely unsuited to her saloons ; moreover, 't was said they were at once extinguished by the introduction of the open air ; and then, rising with an air of distinguished courtesy, he begged her to walk to the mirror at the end of the room in which the lady had so recently seen herself, saying he would show her some of the methods of illumination which had been adopted by the circles of good society in other countries and in other times.

'Indeed !' said Mrs. Smith ; 'and how can you do this ?'

It is very readily done,' he replied, 'by those who understand the process.' So saying, they walked toward the mirror, which was one plate of glass, reaching from near the ceiling to the floor, and stood between the windows, unobscured by the drapery, which was hanging loose from the rings. The Gentleman in Black placed Mrs. Smith in front of the glass, and again his whole soul was flashing in his face, as he gazed upon her beauty. She saw it, and saw too that there she stood alone ; there was no reflection of the gentleman beside her. She looked her surprise ; but he said 'It is never my wish to come in contrast with such loveliness !' The lady smiled her acknowledgments, and now thought, 'He is really a very sensible man.' The Gentleman in Black then bowing, stepped before her and breathed upon the mirror, which suddenly became obscured as with a vapor, which however instantly disappeared.

As the vapor cleared away from the face of the mirror, Mrs. Smith found herself, as it were, looking directly into a long saloon, most splendidly furnished. There stood costly tables of cedar, with pillars of ivory supporting their massive orbs. In one, the wood was like the beautiful coat of a panther ; in a second, the spots being more regular and close, imitated the tail of the peacock ; and in a third, it resembled the luxuriant and tangled leaves of the apium, each of them more beautiful and valuable than the other. On the side-boards which stood around the walls were displayed gold and silver plate ; amber vessels, in one of which was a bee, and in another an ant had found its transparent tomb ; beakers of the most antique shape, to which the names of their former possessors gave them value and historical importance ; and vessels of Corinthian bronze, whose worn handles announced their antiquity, together with two large golden drinking-cups, on one of which were engraved

the scenes of the Iliad and on the other those of the Odyssey. Beside these, were smaller beakers and bowls, composed of precious stones, either made of one piece, and adorned with reliefs, or of several cameos united by settings of gold.

The lady gazed with intense admiration, and begged to know what scene was this before her. The Gentleman in Black replied, that it was a saloon in the house of GALLUS, one of the courtiers of Augustus, in Rome. The workmanship and wood of these tables were so infinitely superior to any thing she had seen, that she inquired of the Gentleman in Black if they were indeed of wood. He answered that they were, and that the price of them was enormous; and pointing to one, he invited her to examine it, adding, that for a table of the same description, Cicero had given a million of *sesterces*.

‘And pray,’ said the lady, ‘and how much would that be in dollars and cents?’

‘About thirty-five thousand dollars.’

The lady looked at the Gentleman in Black incredulously. He saw it, and said:

‘The splendor of these mansions is certainly very great, but then they are the plunder of the world. This Gallus was enriched by the spoils of Egypt, of which he was once the supreme governor. But wait; I will show you yet more of this house.’

Again he breathed on the mirror and the scene changed. Around a table, covered with cedar wood, stood dinner-couches of bronze, inlaid with tortoise-shell, the lower part decked with white hangings embroidered with gold, and the pillows stuffed with the softest wool. Upon these seats, cushions, covered with silken stuff, were laid, to separate the places of the guests. There were reclining at the *Trinclinum*, six gentlemen in splendid dresses, whose togas were woven of the whitest and softest Milesian wool, and worn over the left shoulder so as to fall far below the knee, and covered with its folds, which gradually became more wide, the whole arm down to the hand. The right arm remained at liberty, as the voluminous garment was passed at its broadest part under the arm and then brought forward in front. The *umbo* was arranged in an ingenious fashion, being laid obliquely across the breast so that the well-rounded *sinus* almost reached the knee, and the lower half ended below the knee, while the remaining portion was thrown on the left shoulder, and hung down on the arm in a mass of broad and regular folds. The hair of these Romans was dressed with care, and arranged in elegant locks, which were perfumed with cassia, narde and balsams. The lady remarked this, and the Gentleman in Black said the costliness and the amount which was used by these gentlemen of these precious unguents was trifling in comparison with what was consumed by the ladies, many of whom used twenty pounds at a single dressing.

It appeared that the guests had been but recently seated, as slaves were in the act of taking off the sandals of each, and offering them water in silver bowls for their ablutions, at the same time the slaves

were entering with trays, on which were the dishes composing the first course. In the centre of the plateau, ornamented with tortoise shell, stood an ass of bronze, on either side of which hung silver panniers, filled with white and black olives; on the back of the beast sat a *silenus*, from whose skin the most delicious sauce flowed upon the *sumen*, or breast of the *porca*, a favorite dish in those days. Near this, on two silver gridirons, delicately-dressed sausages, beneath which Syrian plumbs, mixed with the seed of the pomegranate, presented the appearance of glowing coals. Around, stood silver dishes, containing asparagus, radishes, and other productions of the garden, flavored with mint and rue, and with Byzantine *muria*, and dressed with snails and oysters, while fresh ones in abundance were handed about. The guests proceeded to help themselves to what each, according to his taste, considered the best incentive of an appetite. At the same time slaves carried about in golden goblets the *mulsum*, composed of Hymettian honey and Falernian wines.

They were still occupied in tasting the several delicacies, when a second and smaller tray was brought in, and placed in a vacant spot within the first, to which it did not yield in point of singularity. In an elegant basket sat an hen, ingeniously carved out of wood, with outspread wings, as if she were brooding. Straightway entered two slaves, who began searching the chaff which filled the basket, and taking out some eggs distributed them among the guests. These eggs, on being broken, were found made of dough, and that a fat fig-pecker was hidden in the yolk, which was seasoned with pepper. Many jokes were made, and while the guests were eating the mysterious eggs, the slaves again presented the honey-wine. When no one desired more, a sign was given for the slaves to remove the *gustatorium*, which they proceeded to do.

‘And is this a Roman banquet? It seems to me a *dejeuner-à-la-fourchette*,’ remarked the lady, ‘seeing that they eat with their fingers, without forks.’

The face of the Gentleman in Black wore a smile which perplexed the lady not a little, while he replied: ‘These gentlemen, with all their refinement, have never felt the need of forks. With them it is as with the vulgar of our own days, ‘fingers before forks.’ Mrs. Smith expressed also her surprise at seeing the guests wiping their fingers with bits of bread; but the Gentleman in Black assured her that napkins were of a modern invention, and that at the present day among the Persians the same method of cleaning the fingers that she saw was still practised.

A slave now wiped the table with a purple cloth of coarse linen, and two Ethiopians again handed water for washing the hands. Boys, wearing green garlands, then brought in two well-gypsomed *amphoræ*, with a label hanging round them, whereon might be read, written in ancient characters, the consul for the year when the wine was bottled. These vessels were carefully cleaned of the gypsum and the corks extricated, and the wine was then cautiously poured into the silver *colum*, which was placed ready to receive it, which was again filled with fresh snow, and then mixed according to the

master's directions, in the richly-embossed *crater*, and dipping a golden *cyathus* therein, filled the amethyst-colored glasses, which were distributed among the guests by the rest of the boys.

This operation was scarcely finished, before a new *repositorium* or tray was placed on the table, containing the first course of the *cæna*, which however by no means seemed to answer the expectations of the guests. A circle of small dishes, covered with such meats as were to be met with only at the table of plebeians, was ranged around a slip of natural turf, on which lay a honey-comb. A slave carried round bread in a silver basket, and the guests were preparing, although with evident vexation, to help themselves to chick-peas and small fish, when at a sign given by the host, two slaves hurried forward and took off the upper part of the tray, under which a number of dishes, presenting a rich selection of dainties, were concealed. These were ring-doves and field-fares, capons and ducks, mullets of three pounds' weight, and turbot, and in the centre a fattened hare, which by means of artificial wings was changed into a Pegasus. The Gentleman in Black remarked that mullet was one of the favorite and most expensive of fishes, and increased in value according to the size, one weighing six pounds having been sold for eight thousand sesterces.

'Dear me!' said the lady; 'what would these folks say to such a supper as mine!'

On the disappearance of the first course much conversation seemed to be kept up by the party. But no long interval was allowed for talking; for four slaves soon entered bearing the second course, which consisted of a huge boar, surrounded with eight sucking pigs, made of sweet paste by the baker, and surprisingly like real ones. On the tusks of the boar hung little baskets, woven of palm twigs, and Syrian and Theban dates. A carver, resembling a *jäger* in full costume, now approached the table, and with an immense knife commenced cutting up the boar. In the mean time the boys handed the dates, and gave to each guest one of the pigs as *apophoreta*. On a given signal, the slaves produced, to the astonishment of the company, a fresh *ferculem*, which contained a vast swine, cooked exactly like the boar, which looked as if the cook had forgotten to disembowel the animal. The cook appeared, with a troubled mien, and seizing a knife, and having carefully slit open the belly on both sides, gave a sudden jerk, when to the agreeable surprise of the guests, a quantity of little sausages of all kinds tumbled out.

The lady looked at the Gentleman in Black with some surprise, and said: 'You do not mean that I should believe that this is a true representation of a Roman banquet?'

'Certainly I do,' he replied, 'and is, in all particulars, sustained by the best authorities in Roman literature; it is the re-production of Professor BECKER, one of the ripest scholars of Germany.'

'Indeed!' said the lady; 'I was fearful it was a work of magic and the black arts.'

The Gentleman in Black looked for a moment somewhat disturbed, and said he was surprised that a lady of her fine sense should be-

lieve in the existence of any such agencies, which ignorance had attributed to learning treasured up in black-letter books, the type once adopted, in England and still used by the Germans.'

'And is that the origin of the phrase 'black art'? I am very much obliged to you for correcting me in so vulgar an error,' said the lady.

The Gentleman in Black smiled very graciously, and observed, 'that every thing wore the aspect of magic to the ignorant, and that even Faust's Bibles had once been attributed to the devil, who it was universally believed was no great friend to the Bible Society, and could hardly be thought to favor the circulation of a book which spoke so slightly of himself. But, my dear Madam, in this age of enlightenment, when the wonders of Mesmerism are revealing the scenes of the worlds above and around us, and when the revelations of Swedenborg have so many to believe them, can it be at all wonderful that the power of reviving the scenes of a past age is also attainable?'

Mrs. Smith said, 'Nothing could be more probable: I have myself seen *clairvoyants*, whose perceptions transcended all powers of conception, and have witnessed water and rings magnetised by being breathed upon; but I have never before seen a mirror magnetised;' and she renewed her expressions of satisfaction with the scenes she had witnessed.

'But,' said she, looking very earnestly at the Gentleman in Black, 'must I believe that all I have heard and read of magic and alchemy are to be classed as vulgar errors?'

'Certainly not. There is no subject which has so long and constantly occupied the thoughts of men as alchemy and its correlatives. There have been volumes exhausted in its investigation, and in teaching the true methods of attaining its power over the worlds of the Seen and the Unseen—the worlds of Matter and of Spirit. I had supposed, in using the term 'Black Art,' you had reference to the common and vulgar idea usually conveyed by such an expression.'

'To be honest, I may have used the term with no very precise meaning; but I feel interested to know what there may have been included in the terms alchemy and magic, especially of magic, of which have so many glimpses, even in the Scriptures. Will you not gratify me, by telling where these impressions originated, and with whom?'

'Won't you be seated?' said the Gentleman in Black, rolling up a lounge before the mirror. Mrs. Smith thanked the Gentleman in Black for his consideration of her comfort, and said she could watch the mirror while she listened to him, which she should do with unfeigned gratification.'

Whereupon the Gentleman in Black expressed his high sense of her courtesy, and took a seat on the other end of the sofa.

Mrs. Smith inquired, 'What do you call the correlatives of alchemy?'

'These are Astrology, Magic and Divination. Man, from the earliest times, has been seeking to solve the enigmas of Life; to penetrate the veil which separates him from the Invisible and the Future. And though the great masses have been content with things as they find

them, yet the gifted few have felt themselves imprisoned by the Apparent, and sought by all means to reach the Real and the Absolute.*

'But are not all such pursuits worthless and vain?'

'By no means. There have been constantly recurring, in the history of man, phenomena, which, had they been carefully observed, would have solved many doubts which now rest, as clouds and darkness, on all such subjects of human hopes and desires. Lord Bacon has said, 'Men ought to put Nature to the torture,' and so reproduce those phenomena which have been by the ignorant regarded as the monstrosities of nature; and had such a course been adopted, we should not now be groping in the dark, but catching at the threads which have thus from time to time been offered them, men of science would have successfully travelled and explored all the dark labyrinths of their being.'

'Ah! I wish they had done so,' said Mrs. Smith, 'instead of soaring into the clouds and stars, as they have done.'

'As man,' replied the Gentleman in Black, 'in the progress of time lost the knowledge of God, he naturally deified those objects of sense which were to him the sources of the greatest blessings; hence the worship of the sun, moon, and stars, and as a necessary result, the science of astrology. Sir William Jones tells us, "The characters of all pagan deities melt into each other, and at last into one or two; the whole crowd of gods and goddesses of ancient Rome and Hindostan, mean only the powers of nature;" and the higher are our researches into the mythology of the past, the purer are the thoughts found of God and the more certain it is that all religious ideas spring from one and the same fountain. The highest form of Braminism presents the idea of God as the Omnipresent Being in all its purity, eternity, spirituality and beatitude. He is called Bram Atma — '*the breathing soul*.' The East was the cradle of all these sciences, as of all religions. The mythology of the East was transferred to Egypt, and as has been shown most conclusively by the labors of Sir George Wilkinson, it was transplanted from Egypt into Greece. The Orphic Hymns are found to contain the same idea of God, creating all things and subsisting in all things, and of a Trinity.

'A Trinity of Gods! why I thought this was a discovery made by St. Augustine.'

'No, Madam. Orpheus declares expressly, 'All things were made by a coëssential and consubstantial Trinity.'* This science of astrology took its rise on the plains of Chaldea, and is usually divided into natural and judicial astrology. Natural astrology was advocated by Sir Robert Boyle, who held that all physical bodies are influenced by the heavenly bodies; an idea which is still perpetuated in some of our almanacs, which contain a picture of a man, surrounded by the signs of the zodiac.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Smith, 'I have often seen them in my childhood, and been puzzled to guess what they could mean.'

'These signs were called the 'Houses of the Heavens,' and used

* CUDWORTH, vol. II., p. 92.

to be explained by the following lines, which have long since fallen into disuse :

'THE first house shows life, the second wealth doth give;
The third how brethren, fourth how parents live;
Issue the fifth; the sixth diseases bring;
The seventh wedlock, and the eighth death's sting;
The ninth religion; the tenth honor shows;
Friendship the eleventh, and the twelfth our woes.'

'The obligations of astronomical science, to the study of astrology has always been acknowledged. The angles and aspects of the planets were noted, and their climacterics, as they were styled, carefully watched; and this is a phrase still in vogue, when we speak of the climacterics of life; the first of these was the seventh year, and from 21 by multiples, as 21. 49. 56. 63 and 84. The two last of which are still styled the grand climacterics of man.'

'And is there nothing in this?' inquired Mrs. Smith. 'I had supposed there was; and is this another of my vulgar errors?'

'I believe there is no reason to believe the recurrence of these years are more fatal than any other,' replied the Gentleman in Black. 'Your opinion is one of great antiquity, and Aulus Gallius says it was borrowed from the Chaldeans, who possibly might have received it from Pythagoras, whose philosophy turned on these coincidences of numbers, and who imagined an extraordinary virtue in the number seven. And to show how true is the saying of Dugald Stewart, that 'opinions are like tunes of a barrel organ, which are after the lapse of centuries ever recurring,' it is upon these coincidences of numbers and the harmonies of the musical scale, presumed to have been discovered and elaborated by FOURIER, that we have, in our days, all the mysteries of man and society developed to the wonder and admiration of his followers. But to satisfy you in what good society you are in your belief of the reality of climacterics, let me tell you, that Plato, Cicero, Salmasius, St. Augustine, St. Ambrose and Boëtius, all are of the same opinion!'

'I am much obliged to you, Sir, for restoring me to my self-complacency,' said Mrs. Smith, smiling very kindly on the Gentleman in Black. 'But tell me something of alchemy?' The Gentleman in Black bowed his acquiescence, and proceeded to say:

'The wish to obtain that which would obviate the evils of life, and give man the wealth which is so slow to accumulate by the sweat of the brow, doubtless gave rise to this science, falsely so called. Scholars have had various opinions of its rise. Some have said that Adam was the first of all alchemists, but as no allusion to alchemy is found in Homer, nor any of the ancient poets, philosophers or physicians till four hundred years after CHRIST, it has been shorn of its claims to a high antiquity. Zosimus has a treatise which he has styled 'The Divine Art of making Silver and Gold,' which exists in mss. in the library of the King of the French. Æneas Cæzeus, who wrote toward the close of the fifth century, speaks of 'such as are skilled in the ways of Nature, who can take silver and tin, and changing their nature, can turn them into gold.'

'Do n't you think,' said Mrs. Smith, 'the moderns have surpassed these ancient alchemists?'

‘How?’ inquired the Gentleman in Black, with a look of surprise.

‘Why, our alchemists have effected the same objects by the conversion of *paper* into gold.’

The Gentleman in Black smiled his acknowledgments, and said ‘it was indeed a conversion never dreamed of in their philosophy.’

‘You have told me nothing about *magical arts*,’ said Mrs. Smith, with a smile; ‘can’t you restore to me my belief that they too are somewhere existent in the labyrinths of nature?’

‘Magic and magical arts,’ replied the Gentleman in Black, ‘have so wide a meaning, that I fear it would weary you if I were to attempt to say half that could be told on a subject which has exhausted the lives of so many devotees in all ages of the world.’

‘But certainly magic has the sanction of the Scriptures for its existence, and these you know are books believed by all Christians to be inspired, and if so, must be true. Moses had all but been outdone by those of Egypt.’

‘Yes, these magicians have been a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence in all ages; and the opinion of St. Austin is, that which is generally believed, that they were genuine miracles and real imitations of those of Moses.’ The Gentleman in Black continued, by saying:

‘The *Magi*, a title given to these ‘*wise men*,’ as they are called in the English version of the Scriptures, have perplexed the learned among the ancients as to their origin. Plato, Xenophon, Herodotus and Strabo derive it from the Persian language, in which it signifies a priest, or person appointed to officiate in holy things, as *Druid* among the Gauls; as *Gymnosophist* among the Indians; and *Levite* among the Hebrews. Vossius brings it from the Hebrew word *Haga*, to *meditate*. These *Magi*, according to Aristotle, were the sole authors and conservators of the Persian philosophy. They were held in such veneration that Darius, the son of Hystaspes, had it engraved on his monument that he was master of the *Magi*. Their descendants are the fire-worshippers, of whom Moore has written in his beautiful poem of Lalla Rookh. The word magic once carried along with it a very innocent and indeed a very laudable meaning; being used merely to signify the study of wisdom; but as men devoted themselves to divination and sorcery, the term *magic* in time became odious, and was only used to signify what you have just now called ‘the black arts;’ which were supposed to consist in dealing with the devil and departed souls; but this you will of course believe was the war which ignorance always carries on against superior knowledge.’

‘Oh, certainly,’ said Mrs. Smith. ‘But when are we to know what is true in all these studies, which have thus far been so fruitless of results in the direction in which have been prosecuted?’

‘When Man shall have gone forward in the progress of coming centuries to a right knowledge of the machinery of his own mind, we may hope that the careful observance of all the occurring idiosyncrasies of men, and the placing nature on the rack of scientific investigation, much that is obscure, and more that is now unknown,

will be discovered; for as Lord Bacon has well said, 'As navigation was imperfect before the use of the compass, so will many secrets of nature and art remain undiscovered, without a more perfect knowledge of the understanding, its uses and ways of working.'

'Lapse of centuries!' said Mrs. Smith. 'I had thought the world would come to an end after the next thousand years.'

'And why?'

'Because the seventh of the series of thousands of years would have then been completed. Is not this the universal belief?'

'It may be, but if so, it is an universal error.'

'When will the world come to an end?'

'I am not a diviner, astrologer, alchemist, or even a conjuror, and therefore can't say; but if I were to take the liberty of the country, I could guess.'

'Well, as you guess?'

'When the last lump of coal shall have been consumed, and the last nail is driven, it will be in good time to burn it up.'

'Look!' exclaimed Mrs. Smith, whose attention was now suddenly attracted to the ceiling and to a large silver hoop, on which were ointment-bottles of silver and alabaster, silver garlands with beautifully-chiseled leaves, circlets, and other trifles, which descended upon the table, and were shared as *apophoreta* among the guests. In the mean time the desert had been served, wherein the baker gave a specimen of his skill. In addition to innumerable articles of pastry, there were artificial muscles, field-fares filled with dried grapes and almonds, and many other things of the same kind. In the middle stood a well-modelled Vertumnus, who held in his apron a great variety of fruits. Around lay sweet quinces stuck full of almonds, and having the appearance of sea-urchins, with melons cut in various shapes. While the party was praising the fancy of the baker, a slave handed round tooth-picks, made of the leaves of the *mastich-pistacho*; and the host invited the guests to assist themselves to the confectionary and fruits with which the god was loaded. The guests seemed astonished by the gifts of Vertumnus at this season, for it was now December, when one of them stretched across the table and seized the inviting apples and grapes, but drew back in affright, when, as he touched them, a stream of saffron discharged from the fruit, besprinkling his hand. The merriment became general, when several of the guests attempted cautiously to help themselves to the mysterious fruit, and each time a red hot stream shot forth. And now two musicians with flutes entered the saloon, accompanied by a young and surpassingly beautiful *danseuse*. The circles of couches were extended, and she advanced to the side which was thus opened. A boy took the *cithara* and struck the strings to the accompaniment of the flutes. The cithara then ceased to be played upon, and the maiden took some hoops, and as she danced to the tune of flutes, whirled them into the air, and caught them one after the other as they fell, with remarkable skill. More and more hoops were handed to her, till a whole dozen were hovering aloft betwixt her hands and the hall-ceiling; and the grace of

her movements, together with the dexterity she evinced, elicited the applause of the spectators: a large hoop was now brought in, set all around with pointed knives. It was placed upon the ground. The damsel commenced dancing afresh and threw a summer sault right into the centre of the hoop, and then out again, repeating this feat repeatedly. Mrs. Smith became so excited, lest the lovely creature should by accident be injured, that she cried out, covering her eyes with her hands:

‘It is too much! I can’t endure it longer!’

The Gentleman in Black smiled, and said it was rather a tame sight after all, to the ladies and gentleman of Rome, who were accustomed to witness the dreadful conflicts of the gladiators, struggling for life in the arena of the Coliseum; and that he had seen lovely ladies with their betting-tablets opened before them, gazing with delight as their chances of winning increased, and inflamed with anger when they saw the wounded wretch upon whom their bets were pending, turning his beseeching look toward the audience, while his antagonist waited for the signal to determine whether he should die or live; and then the pretty hands of these fair ladies, with their thumbs turned down, were as numerous as those with their thumbs upturned; and yet the turning of them decided a question of life and death.’

‘I am sure,’ said Mrs. Smith, ‘the world is very much better now than it was in those days, though now it be sometimes true, ‘that rogues must hang that jury-men may dine.’’

‘Undoubtedly,’ said the Gentleman in Black, with earnestness; ‘there never existed a society so innocent and pure as that which graces the circles of Babylon the Less, and which I have had the pleasure to meet in your mansion this evening.’

Mrs. Smith sighed, thinking that this was rather over-strained, and the Gentleman in Black, to qualify his language, said, that ‘doubtless there were some exceptions, but then there were spots on the sun.’

The mention of the word ‘spots’ induced Mrs. Smith to cast an anxious look around her rooms, to see if the spots on her splendid sofas were still there, and she was relieved to find they had all disappeared. The amiable Gentleman in Black said ‘his especial object in *mesmerising the mirror*,’ and he slightly smiled as he spoke, ‘was to show her the methods of illumination adopted by the Romans:’ and breathing once more upon the face of the glass, the mirror now presented the sight of another saloon in which the lamps were being lighted, and which hung from the marble panels of the room. Upon the polished table, between the tapestried couches, stood an elegant *candelabrum*, in the form of a stem of a tree, from the winterly and almost leafless branches of which four two-flamed lamps, emulating each other in beauty of shape, were suspended. Other lamps were hung by chains from the ceiling, which was richly gilt and inlaid with ivory, in order to expel the darkness of night from all parts of the saloon. A number of costly goblets and larger vessels were arranged on two side-boards, and on one of them a slave was

just placing another vessel filled with snow, together with its *colum*, and on the other was the steaming *caldarium*, containing water kept constantly boiling by the coals in its inner cylinder, in case any of the guests should prefer the *calda*, the drink of winter, to the snow-drink.

By degrees the same guests came in and took their places in the same order as before on the *triclinium*. On a signal from the host, a slave placed upon the table the dice-board, of terebinthus wood, the four dice, made from the knuckles of gazelles, and the ivory turret-shaped dice box. Slaves at the same time brought chaplets of dark green ivy and of blooming roses, which were selected and worn by the guests.

‘And did these Romans so soon commence gaming?’ asked Mrs. Smith.

‘No, Madam,’ replied the Gentleman in Black; ‘they are now about to throw the dice to decide who shall be the king for the night, whose duty it is to decide how much water shall be mixed with the wine about to be drank; for though those were not the days of temperance societies, yet there was then no such mixtures and distillations as are now used; and though Anacreon sang of wine and its inspirations, it was not unmixed with water.’

Mrs. Smith’s attention was fixed on the lamps, and the degree of light obtained from them. There seemed no lack of skill and invention in giving grace to their forms, yet they were nothing more than vessels containing oil, out of the end of which came a wick which was lighted; the consequence was that the beautiful ceiling soon became obscured and blackened, and the guests showed evidently that their breathing was oppressed with smoke. She admired the beauty of the candelabras, but these gave no light, and in no way relieved the anxiety she felt on the subject of ‘lamps which never would burn dim.’ She observed the slaves whose duty it was to pick up the wicks and trim the lamps, and which, with this constant watching, were but poor contrivances, even when compared to the most common lamp she had in use on that evening. She asked the Gentleman in Black ‘if this was the best method of illumination then known?’ He replied, ‘that tallow and wax were both used, but that the methods of making them were so imperfect that they never obtained in the palaces of the great; indeed they were but rushes smeared over with wax or tallow.’

The guests were in the midst of their cups, when the Gentleman in Black advanced and gave a long expiration, which suffused the face of the mirror with vapor for a moment or more, and turning around to Mrs. Smith, said: ‘If I were not fearful of wearying you, I would show you other scenes, and of a later age.’

‘I beg you will,’ said the lady.

AN HEREDITARY NAME.

THE best of blood by learning is refined,
And virtue arms the solid mind;
While vice will stain the noblest race,
And the paternal stamp efface.

W I N T E R S P R I T E S .

BY W. E. O. ROSMER.

I.

THE poor Old Year,
 All danger scorning,
 Was wroth to hear
 Wild word of warning
 As he leaned on his sturdy cane:
 The saucy blast
 His thin hair lifted,
 And falling fast
 The dead leaves drifted,
 But they preached of death in vain!

II.

The poor Old Year
 In pale sheet lieth,
 And round his bier
 The black crow flieth,
 While the Wind god's trump is blown.
 His pulse is still,
 His closed eye beamless;
 His bosom chill,
 His slumber dreamless,
 And the naked groves make moan!

Thus sang a Voice amid the wintry waste
 Of melancholy cadence, and old oaks
 Swayed to and fro their bare but kingly heads,
 To the low dirge-like music keeping time;
 Then deep response another minstrel made,
 And the gray snow-bird twittered out its joy,
 While nimble Echo left her ancient cave,
 Each note repeating to the frosty hills.

SECOND VOICE.

I.

For the poor Old Year why mourn,
 Who died at night's mid hour?
 He hath had his day, and borne
 A monarch's wand of power;
 And who would rend the chain,
 That bindeth him, in twain?

II.

His cheek grew blanched with wo
 Ere the war of life was o'er,
 But he resteth on a couch of snow,
 His heart-chords wrung no more;
 Nor heedeth he the storm
 That beateth on his form.

III.

Drear sorrow-drops in showers
 The white-haired mourner shed
 For vanished sunshine, birds and flowers,
 And verdure brown and dead,
 Till death brought sweet release,
 And to his heart spake peace.

IV.

To the princely heir all hail !
 Who hath chequered reign began ;
 What booteth it to wail
 For his sire, the poor old man !
 A cup of good and ill
 He quaffed, and now is still.

By unseen spirits is each hoary year,
 When ended its brief race, in this wise mourned :
 They are the solemn monitors, who call
 On dying man to note the rapid ebb
 Of Time's disastrous current, as it speeds
 To lose its troubled waters in a sea
 That hath no tide in its unsounded depths ;
 Wafting along the purple sail of Pride,
 Love's shallop, and Ambition's gallant bark.
 Another year hath vanished, and the hopes
 He scattered in our path, with liberal hand,
 And idols made of perishable clay,
 But dear to us as life, have with him gone !
 The locks of Age have caught a paler hue,
 The voice of Childhood deepened in its tone,
 And Beauty's worshipped features grown less bright.
 Between his birth-day and his dying hour
 Its marble door the sepulchre hath closed
 On thousands to its custody consigned,
 With unavailing groans and sighs and tears.
 Empires have felt the scourge for fearful crimes :
 Sword, ghastly famine, and the spotted plague
 Have thickly peopled Death's unlighted realm :
 Great ships have foundered in the cruel gale,
 And with their screaming passengers and crews
 Down in the deep, full many fathoms, sank :
 Vain Pomp hath dropped the sceptre, and the slave,
 Raising on high his chained and bleeding hands,
 Hath shouted to the nations, ' Liberty !'
 Right hath achieved new triumphs over Wrong :
 In Tara's hall a clash of shields is heard,
 While war-like murmurs from each hallowed spot
 Where moulder Erin's martyred children, rise !

Another year hath vanished like a ghost,
 And in his palace-hall of glittering ice
 A young successor proudly sits enthroned :
 The latter, too, though ruddy now his cheek,
 Will cling to life awhile, then pass away ;
 But ere a grave is hollowed for his corse,
 What mighty changes may sweep over earth !
 Fair isles may slip their moorings in the brine,
 Stars, like the Pleiad lost, be quenched for ever ;
 Dark waves may roll where Art now rears the tower ;
 Blue lakes and rushing streams may shift their beds ;
 Red-crested War, with demons at his back,

Drain Slaughter's maddening wine-cup, and march on,
Deaf to the widow's cry, the orphan's moan :
Or He, perchance, who poured his blazing bolts
On the doomed cities of the plain, may send
The bellowing earthquake and volcanic fire
To visit with swift ruin crowded marts.

Favored of Heaven, art thou, my Native Land !
A golden harvest hath been garnered up ;
Within thy borders dove-eyed Peace abides ;
Swart Labor finds rich recompense for toil,
And the mild sunshine of impartial law
Lights up the cottage home of humble worth.
Oh ! may thy sons, while they enjoy the gifts
Thus lavishly bestowed, with watchful care
Nourish the plant of Virtue !

Dulcet strain

Of painted syrens to the ragged rock
Decoy unhappy mariners who sail
Without a map to guide them in their course.
Too oft prosperity in human hearts
Engenders a forgetfulness of God ;
And voices, deeper-toned than Ocean's lyre,
From the lone grave of Empire going up,
On Tadmor's waste and Tiber's classic shore,
These warning words are ever sounding forth :
' A thankless people soon or late will learn,
Though Plenty's horn shower blessings for a time,
That He *who gave hath might to take away.*'

THE WALKING GENTLEMAN.

NUMBER THREE.

I SAID in my last that I should again advert to the theme of 'books and books' clothing,' and I begin by reiterating, that I love a fine edition. I should not like Clarendon or Burnett so well in an ordinary garb, as in the dress they wear on my shelves. Wordsworth and Lamb lately reached, with me, their proper elevation, when I was enabled to discard the American editions, and replace them with duodecimos in morocco and print fit for a lady to read. If any man wishes to gain my love, let him send me a rare book, and lo ! he has it. I must admit that such evidences of regard are rare with me. Perhaps it is because my friends toward sunrise are, as I am, jealous of every one who owns a rare edition of a much-loved work. I grudge to the world the privilege of enjoying it. I would fain believe that I alone possess it. Nay, I feel a dislike to those publishers who furnish to the public cheap editions of those books which I had looked upon as my peculiar treasures. It is provoking, after one has picked up here and there, with infinite pains, and at no small cost, a few rare works, to see them one by one published on fair paper and good type, at fifty cents a volume.

But *patriotically* speaking, your friends WILEY AND PUTNAM deserve an expression of thankfulness for their 'Library of Choice Reading.' I have received twenty-seven numbers, and can conscientiously say that there is not, so far, a single work there published that is not delicious. After the inundation of cheap literature, which has so covered the land with mud and slime, so sweet a May-shower of perfumed drops deserves our unspeakable gratitude.

Mr. LESTER was so kind as to send me 'The Challenge of Bartletta' and the admirable work of Ceba. I trust he will be enabled to continue his Medici series. Of the merits of his translations there can be but one opinion, and that highly favorable. He has set an example to our officers abroad, which it is to be hoped they will imitate. IRVING, like his own Rip Van Winkle, sleeps a long sleep. Can he find nothing in all the wealth of Spanish romance with which to repay his countrymen for the great love they bear and the pride they feel in him?

But why speak of books to those who live in the midst of books? Least of all things do I design to play the critic. I say only, as I said at first, I greatly envy you sons of Gotham for this thing, and but for one more. If I were to pray for any particular earthly good, it would be to be able to inscribe over the door of my library, with truth, the lines of Drury:

'THIS introduceth to mie librarie.
From mouldering abbayes' dark scriptorium broughte,
See vellum tomes by monkysh labour wroughte;
Ne yette the comma borne, Papyri see,
And initial letterres' wizarde grammerie.
View my Fiftheeners in their ruggedde line;
Soche Types! soche Linnenne! only knowne long syne;
Enteringe, where ALDUS mote have fixt his throne,
Or HARRIE STERNE covetedde his owne.'

and my second, to be allowed to live a dreamy life in an atmosphere of sweet sounds. I am sure the mocking-birds know I am a lover of all music, for two or three of them have for four years builded their nests near my window in the small oaks, and in the warm summer they fill the ear of drowsy midnight with most delicious melody. I have heard one, when returning home late at night, for nearly half a mile, his song vibrating on the still atmosphere, every trill distinct and clear and inexpressibly sweet. There *may* be, in some other part of the world, some bird that sings as heavenly a song, but I am an infidel on that score. One such burst of melody is worth a pilgrimage to Mecca. I flatter myself that next summer we shall have a reinforcement. We took, this season, from one nest in a small tree, four young ones, and placed them in a cage, which we hung to a limb of the tree, where the parents fed them until they were strong-winged and able to fly; then, all danger from grimalkin passed, we set them free. They were hopping and flying about the walks, old and young, until the wrinkled visage and frosty locks of Winter drove them away. Next spring they are certain to return. We shall get up quite a concert.

All music is welcome to my ear. I am like old Sir Thomas

Browne. May I quote a single passage, to make you love and long to read him from end to end?

'It is my temper, and I like it the better, to affect all harmony; and surely there is musick, even in the beauty and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. For there is a musick wherever there is a harmony, order or proportion; and thus far we may maintain 'the musick of the spheres;' for those well-ordered motions and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony. Whatsoever is harmonically composed delights in harmony, which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church-musick. For myself, not only from my obedience, but my particular genius, I do embrace it: for even that vulgar and tavern-musick which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the First Composer. There is something in it of Divinity more than the ear discovers. It is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world and creatures of God; such a melody to the ear as the whole world, well understood, would afford the understanding. In brief, it is a sensible fit of that harmony which intellectually sounds in the ears of God.'

Whatever one may think as to the old physician's idea of the 'music of the spheres,' there can be but one opinion as to the music and magnificence of this passage. I am, like him, fond of the music of all instruments, from that which God made, the human voice, to the most imperfect invented by man. It has not been my good fortune to listen to many great performers. Artôt, to me, remains the autocrat of the violin; and Wallace of the piano; and Castellan the queen of song. Each of them I heard but once; but I shall always feel as if each had bestowed a rich gift upon me, which can never by any mishap be lost or stolen. The memory of a past delight is one of the few treasures which Time, the old filcher! cannot rob us of. And as year after year glides by, swiftly and noiselessly as a skater on smooth ice; as the hair grows gray, and frequent illness for slight cause warns one that his vitality is wasting away, how little of his past life is there to which he looks back with pleasure! Honor, fame, distinction, the triumph over enemies, the acquisition of wealth, the memory of these is worthless; of sensual pleasures the remembrance is irksome; but the recollection of an innocent enjoyment sleeps on the soul like a ray of sunshine. The memory of the song of that bird that has so often sung at my window is sweeter than that of all the scenes of merriment and dissipation from my boyhood up.

So far from repining at my lot in life, I feel profoundly thankful, not only for the comforts and luxuries of my humble home, but even that I and mine are spared the pangs of hunger and cold. I gratefully acknowledge that I have been favored beyond my deserts; but still I cannot help but look longingly out from amid the forests to that far-off region where I should not want for books or music. Nay, whenever I plant my feet, once or twice a year, upon the

banks of the Mississippi, I feel, as every steamboat passes, an almost irresistible inclination to spring on board and flee world-ward. I would fain not die until I can see the ruins of the Colisseum and the temple of Jupiter Ammon, breathe the air of Italy, and compare the Nile with the Mississippi. It is the nature of man to hope for impossibilities; and so hoping ever, and ever disappointed, we keep onward our steady march toward the grave.

How few of us recollect, although we all claim to be to some extent christians, the cardinal principles of our religion! I have just arisen from the perusal of a Presbyterian newspaper. It contained abundance of controversy and crimination, but breathed not a word musical with CHARITY. 'Love ye one another,' is a command, of which mankind seem to be almost totally oblivious; and if the Scriptures be true, religious editors are but 'sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal,' for they seem totally devoid of charity. Indeed, it seems to me that we, above all people on the globe, are wanting in that excellence. Almost every man in the nation is a political partizan; and it is well known that he who belongs to one party has no charity for his opponents, but liberally endows them with all the vices extant, and niggardly denies them a single virtue. Nor do I know of any people who so delight to hear of crime and misfortune. If a man or woman commits an offence against law or good morals, a thousand presses proclaim it abroad, ministering to a depraved public appetite. If one is assaulted by a brutal bully, and his conscience will not allow him to avenge the insult by the miscalled 'laws of honor,' an hundred editors publish him to the world as a coward. And if some infamous scoundrel seduces the wife of one's bosom, or the child that he fondly hoped would be the comfort of his declining age, the injured and unfortunate, already unspeakably wretched, is made still more miserable by the jeers and taunts of an infamous press.

Doubtless it is the hardest of all tasks to practice a constant charity toward the imperfections and errors even of one's friends. And yet, if we would but think aright, we could not choose but do so toward our opponents. 'Methinks,' says Sir Thomas Browne, 'there is no man bad; and the worst best; that is, while they are kept within the circle of those qualities wherein they are good. There is no man's mind of so discordant and jarring a temper, to which a tuneable disposition may not strike a harmony. *Magna virtutes, nec minora vitia*; it is the posy of the best natures, and may be inverted on the worst. There are in the most depraved and venomous dispositions certain pieces that remain untouched, which by an *antiperistasis* become more excellent, or by the excellency of their antipathies are able to preserve themselves from the contagion of their enemies' vices, and persist entire beyond the general corruption. For it is also thus in nature; the greatest balsams do lie enveloped in the bodies of the most powerful corrosives.' How few men can say, as he said of himself, 'I can hold there is no such thing as in-

jury; that if there be, there is no such injury as revenge; and no such revenge as the contempt of an injury; that to hate another is to malign himself; that the truest way to love another is to despise ourselves? And surely there is no man, be he ever so uncharitable, who could think the world did him a great wrong, if all his acts being known to it, it should judge thereof in the same harsh manner in which he judges the acts of others. We invariably attribute the deeds and peccadilloes of others to the worst motives; we judge of their whole character by a single bad act, and therefrom regard them as monsters of iniquity. Our own lapses from rectitude we find excuses for, and wonder that we should be blamed for them; we think if the world knew us as well as we know ourselves, it would see we were not to blame; we regard our faults at the most as merely exceptions to our general good character. And yet it never strikes us that the very persons we condemn, look at their faults precisely as we look at ours. 'No man,' says our author, 'can justly condemn or censure another; because, indeed, no man truly knows another. This I perceive in myself; for I am in the dark to all the world, and my nearest friends behold me but in a cloud. Those that know me but superficially think less of me than I do of myself; those of my near acquaintance think more.' Perhaps even in cases of crime the guilty man finds excuses *in fac conscientia*, which, *se ipso judice*, acquit him, except in rare instances. Is he really guilty, if his own conscience acquit him? Alas! who of us is unaware of the thousand circumstances that lead men to crime? Defective education, for which the State is to be blamed; passions nursed into violence and made ungovernable in childhood; necessity and perhaps hunger; how much do we take these into account, while giving vent to our indignation at guilt and wickedness?

No one can read the 'Indicator,' without loving Hunt, (in spite of his frequent frivolities and affectations,) for the spirit of charity and allowance in which he treats the faults and follies of his fellow men. His kindly nature breathes in every sentence. How beautiful, too, is his patience under his own hardships, and that unaffected, graceful contentedness which so exhibits itself in a deep appreciation and enjoyment of the simple pleasures and luxuries which, like gleams of sunshine, chequered the gloom of his troubles! And indeed, no reader feels much pleasure in perusing any author whose pages are not imbued with the same spirit of contentedness and charity. The querulous bitterness of Byron soon palled upon the general palate; for brilliant as may be the language and imagery of the poet, every one must at length feel how ridiculous it is for any one to abuse the world at large. It argues too inordinate a vanity for one to proclaim that he looks on all the rest of the world as knaves and fools.

The small charity we entertain for the opinions of others is equally ridiculous. How few are there who do not, at heart if not by speech, pronounce all opinions contrary to their own to be stupid, senseless and foolish? One who considers the multitude of opinions entertained by candid, learned and sagacious men, upon every question, doctrine, creed or article, ought surely to come to the conclusion

that, except as to matters the demonstration whereof is tangible to the senses, men do not see the reality of any thing ; but look at all truths through the medium of their passions and prejudices, their notions and habits of thinking ; so that thinking they see the thing itself, they see in fact only a colored and distorted image thereof. Why is not another man, who totally disagrees with me on any question, say of politics, as likely to be right as I am ? I think, nay I feel sure, I am right, and cannot understand how any man can help but think as I do. And equally sure is he that *he* is right. Is there any particular reason, in such case, why I should beyond dispute be in the right, and he beyond dispute be in the wrong ?

WITH what a charitable and generous conclusion 'Sir Iohn Maundeville, Kt.' winds up his 'Voiage and Travaile, translated out of Latyn into Frensche, and azen out of Frensche into Englyssche, for Lordes and Knyghtes, and other noble and worthi men, that comne Latyn but litylle !'

'Wherefore,' says he, 'I preye to alle the Rederes and Hereres of of this Boke, zif it plese hem, that thei wolde preyen to God for me ; and I shalle preye for hem. And alle tho that seyn for me a *Pater Noster*, with an *Ave Maria*, that God forzeve me my Synes, I make hem Parteneres, and graunte hem part of alle the gode Pilgrymages and of alle the gode Dedes that I have don, zif any be to his pleasaunce : and noghte only of tho, but of alle that evere I shalle do unto my lyfe's ende. And I beseeche Almighty God, fro whom alle Godenesse and Grace comethe fro, that he vouchesaf, of his excellent Mercy and habundant Grace, to fulle fille hire soules with inspiracioun of the Holy Gost, in makynge defence of alle hire gostly Enemyes here on Erthe, to hire Salvacioun, bothe of Body and Soule ; to worschipe and thankyng of Him, that is three and on, withouten begynnynge and withouten endynge ; that is, withouten qualitee good, and without quantytee gret ; that in alle places is present, and alle things conteynyng ; the whiche that no goodnesse may amende, ne nor evelle empeyre ; that in perfeyte Trynytee lyveth and regneth God, be alle worldes and be alle tymes. Amen ! Amen ! Amen !'

A solemn peroration. The old Knight obviously thought he had a large stock of '*gode dedes*,' the which to share with the needy, inasmuch as he offers to divide them and his '*gode pilgrimages*' with every one that would say for him a *Pater Noster* and *Ave Maria*. Without feeling certain as to his solvency in that particular, or sure of the promised compensation, I will at least wish him forgiveness for his sins — lies included.

A traveller, to write a readable book, should be essentially given to gossipry. A stiff stateliness is no where so much out of place. Nay, even in history and biography, the lapse of time generally establishes the gossipry of the book as its only valuable feature. Who reads Boswell's Life of Johnson for aught beside ? It is the great charm of Froissart and De Comines, and makes the writings of

Montaigne inimitable. Homer rather indulges in it; and we have learned at last, that Aristophanes and Terence are more valuable to one who desires to gain an insight into the spirit of Grecian and Roman life, than Thucydides or Livy. No book, after Montaigne and Elia, is so delightful to me as a genuine old traveller like Maundeville. History too generally shows us merely the husk and shell of past ages; but gossip, the same in all times, makes us feel that those who have lived before us were truly our brethren in thought and feeling. Nor need we always turn our eyes toward antiquity, to discover excellence. *Eöthen* and the *Crescent and Cross* are the two most delightful books that have for many a week fallen within the circle of my reading. And there is a countryman of ours, who in his earlier books of '*travail*' afforded me some very pleasant hours. Amid the old ruins of Yucatan he seems to think it his privilege to be dull.

I wonder if it is not quite as pleasant to sit, of a cold clear winter evening here in the south, growing more and more pensive and self-contented under the soothing influences of a glowing fire of coal and a shaded lamp, with the kettle, punch-promising, murmuring and whispering before the grate; and dreamingly to travel, step by step, with the writer whose book is at your elbow or on your knee, through Araby and Ind, with him to sail upon the Golden Horn, or scale the Himalaya, as it was in reality for him to do the travelling so glowingly related? One has the enjoyment without the hardship, and can be at home again whenever he pleases, by merely giving his nose a gentle tweak, and so awaking from his dreams. Tom, you dog, the hot water!

I have travelled somewhat in my time, and can conscientiously avouch that the principal pleasure thereof has been in the anticipation and recollection. Indeed, the time of actual travel was chiefly valuable, like a post-obit bond, for the future. Three months on prairie and mountain without bread or salt, are probably not quite so pleasant, however, as scampering on horseback through sunny Spain and flowery Syria, to say nothing of Italy and Greece.

In the mean time, while I cannot travel myself, I will not omit to express my gratitude to those who so generously, by pleasant and readable books, share with us the delight which they have experienced in journeying and voyaging. Indeed I think that even for a dull book we ought to be grateful, and to take it as a favor that the author confers upon us, unless it be totally and irredeemably stupid. It is a rare thing to meet a book in which if one searches diligently, he may not find some grains of gold among the dull dry sand, some sprinkling of white wheat among the chaff. I thank the writer, at any rate, for his good intentions, and his willingness to afford me enjoyment. One must be a churl indeed, to whom if a peasant offers even a cup of sour milk, with a kind word and liberal look, he rejects the kindly-offered gift with a snarl of discontent. Critics in general seem to look on books as an imposition upon the world. I do not regard them in that light; but as gifts, kindly intended, even if they are valueless. Nor are they without value.

Never. The intimate thoughts of any man living, if he can and will communicate them to me, are of value to me. Therefore do I especially feel a hot anger at the currish growlings and snarlings which often greet a young poet upon the birth of his first book. How deeply an ill-natured criticism wounds, the world does not guess, nor, I think, the critic imagine. For few men are cruel by nature; and surely, if many of those who write so trenchantly and truculently upon the faults of some first book of poems, could but know how acutely the author feels the harsh rebuke or bitter jeer, their better feelings would counsel the substitution of mild and friendly advice for sneering scorn and biting ridicule. Most critics perhaps feel that they have that singular advantage mentioned by Sir Thomas More, in his letter to Peter Giles, prefatory to the *Utopia*. 'Some,' says he, 'when they meet in taverns, take upon them among their cups to pass censures very freely upon all writers; and, with a supercilious liberty, to condemn every thing they do not like: in which they have the advantage that a bald man has, who can catch hold of another by the hair, while the other cannot return the like upon him. They are safe as it were of gun-shot, since there is nothing in them considerable enough to be taken hold of. And some are so unthankful, that even when they are well pleased with a book, yet they think they owe nothing to the author; and are like those rude guests, who, after they have been well entertained at a good dinner, go away when they have glutted their appetites, without so much as thanking him that treated them. But who would put himself to the charge of making a feast for men of such nice palates, and so different tastes, who are so forgetful of the civilities that are due?' And this last suggestion is worthy to be considered. If the critic does not like the dinner that is set before him, he is not compelled to eat it; and no one but he who pays for his dinner has a right to damn it.

L I N E S T O A N O R P H A N .

Thou lone and friendless little one! my heart is sad for thee,
For ne'er by doating father thou wert dandled on his knee;
And e'er thy lisping lips had learned with half-formed words to play,
Thy mother, by remorseless Death, was torn from thee away!

Thou, like a bird of unfledged wing, exposed to every blast,
Upon life's stormy wilderness from cradle-dreams wert cast,
To bide the rains of cold neglect, the tender heart that chill,
And early learn in sorrow's tones thy tiny harp to trill.

But HE who silence keeps in heaven to hear the raven's cry,
Has never turned from thee His mild and ever-open eye;
For though a thousand birds of sin are hovering o'er thy way,
Thine innocence to wiles of none has fallen yet a prey.

Beneath the wings of Heavenly Trust a shelter early seek,
Then, though thy home on this cold earth may be on mountains bleak;
Though storms should make thee shrink at times, and notes of sorrow pour,
Yet doubly sweet will be thy song, when life's brief years are o'er.

T H E O L D P I N E T R E E .

BLOWN DOWN AT BURLINGTON, VERMONT, IN THE GALE OF THE FOURTH OF APRIL LAST.

BY JOHN H. REEYN.

I.

WITH royal form and changeless verdure graced,
Through ages long this lofty Pine hath stood.

What though the soil were rude,
A hill of solid stone?

By patient toil his gnarled roots embraced
A sterner strength to reinforce their own;
Twisted round the stubborn rocks,
They have laughed at tempest-shocks,
When all the tender nurslings of the vale
Bowed down before the gale.

II.

Here, through the winters long, his tufted head,
Serene and cheerful, o'er the dreary scene

Raised its perennial green;
And when 'neath summer's glow

The sultry earth grew faint, his arms outspread
Their shade paternal o'er the vale below;
High among his branches here,
Birds have nestled year by year,
Here fledged their broods, and carolled loud and long
Their morn and even song.

III.

Now fondly round his fallen trunk we stand,
Lamenting o'er the storm whose cruel rage

Spared not his green old age;
The little birds that come

On wing unwearying from a warmer land
To hail with rapturous song their northern home,

Pause, as round and round they sail,
Trilling forth a plaintive wail;

And all with sorrow say, with pity see:
'Here lies a noble tree!'

IV.

Thus, gentle reader, though thy portion stands
Mid rugged scenes whose rough and barren soil

Demands unceasing toil,
Wing not thy lazy flight

To far-off fields and softer, sunnier lands;
See how the Pine uprears his lordly height

Where his sturdy sires had grown,
Planted deep on hills of stone;

While thistle-seeds go flaunting to and fro
On all the winds that blow.

V.

Strike deep thy roots, clasp firm the stubborn rocks,
 By patience turn thy weakness into strength,
 And thus shalt thou at length
 See round thee, far and near,
 Transplanted nurslings torn by tempest-shocks
 Which thou canst laugh to scorn ; while year by year,
 Broad thy friendly shade shall grow,
 Sheltering all the vale below ;
 And thy loved brood, secure from hostile harms,
 Shall nestle in thine arms.

VI.

Thus shall thy branch be strong, thy head be high ;
 And when, in green old age, thy stately form
 Bends to the rising storm,
 And falls to rise no more,
 Soft on thy native soil thy limbs shall lie,
 Not tossed, like drift-wood, on a stranger shore ;
 Round thy fallen trunk shall stand
 Friends and sons, a loving band,
 Whose tongues shall say, whose weeping eyes shall see :
 ‘ Here lies a noble Tree !’

Burlington, Vermont, Jan. 13, 1846.

THE SAINT LEGER PAPERS.

NUMBER NINE.

Our voyage was full of those incidents which youth most love ; exciting incidents, quickly succeeding each other, of novel character, quite out of the common course ; healthful, heart-stirring incidents, serving to break up old associations, causing the mind to form new estimates of every thing ; in short, effecting such an essential change in all the feelings, that it seemed an entire change of being. The strange appearance of things in the different islands at which we touched ; the singular manners and customs of the inhabitants ; their isolated position with respect to all the world, and our own isolated position with respect to them, gave an additional interest to our voyage. Then came the storm and the hurricane, (for it rarely only stormed *there*,) around those bleak, wild, surf-beaten land-marks, where tempests prevailed continually.

But as I am not writing a book of travels, or a geographical history, or a ‘tour’ of any sort, I shall not depart from the plan I have adopted, although I might devote many pages to a description of all that we saw and heard in the Hebrides. Possessing in my eyes, as I have before mentioned, so much of interest, it is with the more difficulty that I repress the desire to copy from my journal a full history of this voyage. But I will repress it ; for if I allow myself to deviate from my course at this stage of the narrative, I shall find more abundant excuse for a like deviation at every succeeding stage.

After a short stay at Skye, we steered for the range of coast called the Long Island, and touched at Harris, in order to see the 'steward,' a name given to the proprietor of St. Kilda, or rather to the lessee of the proprietor, who is always his near relative. Mr. Alexander MacLeod was at that time the 'steward.' We found in him a strange mixture of many excellent qualities with many whimsical peculiarities. He was a Highland gentleman, naturally of agreeable manners, exceedingly polite and honest-hearted; but from being almost always surrounded by inferiors, he had become somewhat arbitrary, somewhat impatient, and not a little conceited. His pride of birth was excessive, and equalled only by his pride of *territory*, which consisted of a bleak unfruitful island, some five or six miles in circumference, and several large rocks contiguous thereto. This feeling of territorial aggrandizement had made Mr. Alexander MacLeod quite an antiquary; at least he gave very abundant proof of this whenever he could find a listener. Shut out from the world, excepting always an annual visit to his cousin the 'proprietor' at Edinburgh, it was little wonder that he had acquired habits unavoidable to his manner of life; but these could not abridge a particle of his natural kindness of heart, and his overflowing hospitality. Coming as we did from the household of the Earl of Venachoir, to whom the 'steward' was well known, there was an additional incentive on his part to receive us with a cordial welcome. When however we told him that the object of our present voyage included a visit to St. Kilda, Mr. Alexander MacLeod looked serious; then he shook his head; but at last he smiled, and after that he spoke:

'Are you resolved on this, young gentlemen?—for if ye are, 't will be useless to attempt to discourage you by telling the dangers of such a trip at this season. It will be only adding fuel to the flame, for I know the stuff such lads are made of. Just one look at ye tells the story. But I am very sorry you had not come six weeks earlier, so that we could have taken you in our large boat. I make but one visit to the island during the year, and that is in the summer: indeed, we consider St. Kilda inaccessible at any other season. You are, I trust, still in time, but the September hurricanes are brewing; and believe me,' he added, very seriously, 'no craft fashioned by man can encounter them and live.'

Seeing that we were determined, the 'steward' did not attempt farther to discourage us; but insisted that as the weather was unpropitious, we should become his guests for two or three days, when the moon would change, and in all probability we should have a more favorable time to put to sea. We accepted this kind invitation, and took up our quarters at Mr. Alexander MacLeod's house. We spent the time principally in listening to the account given by that gentleman of the islands adjacent, and the character of their various inhabitants. The steward's conversation, although savoring of the peculiarities of his character, was in the main exceedingly interesting. I must except, however, his long and wearisome genealogical disquisitions, and his never-ending discussions (with himself) about the original peopling of the islands; and although the

steward sometimes, fearing he was carrying his assumption of royalty a little too far, would be pleased to say, with a sort of affected candor, 'that to be sure his kingdom of St. Kilda and its dependencies afforded him but a barren sceptre, still the inhabitants looked to him for protection, and he was bound to afford it, even as his fathers had done for centuries.' I did not exactly understand the nature of the protection alluded to by the steward, who never, as I could learn, visited his dominions except to collect his rents. Still I did not venture to ask an explanation, but chose rather to lead him on to topics about which I had more curiosity to hear. To my inquiries about St. Kilda, or as the steward usually called it, Hirta, his replies were full and his remarks sensible.

'You will find,' he observed, 'that island to be one of the greatest curiosities in the known world; ay, or in the unknown. Its situation, the situation of its inhabitants, and their peculiar customs, should make it an object of attention to civilized man. Notwithstanding,' continued Mr. Alexander MacLeod, waxing warm, 'I do not believe there is one person in a thousand in Great-Britain who knows of its existence. Two hundred years have our family been in possession of Hirta; and those two centuries, which have marked their history so impressively upon all the world beside, have left untouched the rocks and islands of the Deucalionian.'

Perceiving that the steward's heart was in the matter, I ventured one question after another, hoping at last to get a satisfactory solution of the mysterious inscription upon the package with which I was entrusted. 'Of late years,' continued the steward, 'The Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge' had with his consent and assistance annually sent a missionary to Hirta, for the purpose of giving the people general instruction, and especially to afford them the privilege of listening from week to week to the living preacher. The present missionary, Mr. David Cantyre, was now in the island, and was a good and zealous man, laboring with great earnestness, and as he believed, with excellent success. The entire population of the island was only about ninety! — a little community of honest, simple-hearted creatures, obtaining a bare subsistence by the most hazardous exposure; encountering danger with a fearless intrepidity; exhibiting in their fortitude, their perseverance, and their contempt of danger, all that is manly and heroic in character. After the steward had exhausted the topic upon which he was descanting with so much enthusiasm, I ventured to inquire if there was any local government in the island.

'Certainly not,' said Mr. Alexander MacLeod, slightly drawing himself up; 'I have delegated no authority to any one. The islanders form one community; they have one religion; are devout, observe the Sabbath, live harmoniously together, have very few wants, and such only as they are themselves capable of supplying.'

It was very evident that I had gained nothing by this last response; but I was determined to persevere; so, after speaking on various topics, I gradually reached the subject of ancient names and titles; putting myself, by way of encouragement, in the attitude of an at-

tentive listener. But I had not calculated upon so desperate an attack upon my patience. I was compelled to undergo an infliction which lasted, it seemed to me, the best part of the day; in which the antiquities of the islands were descanted upon with the temper of a man who had his heart in the work. I did not attempt to follow the thread of the steward's discourse; my ears were only open to catch a word which might throw some light upon the before-mentioned inscription. Going back to the time of Julius Cæsar, Mr. MacLeod, proceeded to give an account of the antiquities of Hirta, and in so doing made plentiful quotations from Virgil, Suetonius, Tacitus, and other ancient authors; while, as he advanced, he dived into the historical records of the Volsæ, Cymbri, Sacæ, Allemanni, Picti, Scotti, Brigantes, Pæones, Cyclopes, and Bagandæ, until my head ached. I bore the infliction however with exemplary patience, until at last, I seized upon the opportunity to ask a direct question as the steward paused in the middle of a disquisition about the word '*Bholg*,' which was, he said, by general received opinion considered pure Hibernian, but which he insisted was derived from the Russian '*Wolga*,' the name of a river, and which carried him at once back to the ancient Rutulians, when, as I have remarked, Mr. Alexander MacLeod paused; whether for the purpose of taking breath, or because he was getting involved in the mazes of his own discussion, I do not presume to say. Determined however to gain something to repay me for listening so long, I asked my host abruptly, 'Pray, Mr. MacLeod, can you tell me the meaning of '*Wœdallah*?'

'*Wœdallah*!' said the steward, a little peevishly, looking at the same time not a little disconcerted; '*Wœdallah*!' 'T is a word never used as a compound. '*Wœd*' is simple enough; '*allah*' is well understood; but they are never put together. Unless you use it as a corruption of the good old Norwegian, '*Udaller*,' signifying the original chief or possessor of the soil.'

'Then you have never heard the word before?' said I, inquiringly.

'It is not used as a compound, my young gentleman,' retorted the steward, quickly, and without answering my question; 'but I have puzzled your brain enough for once, I see very plainly. And now,' said the steward, looking at me very significantly, 'pray let me ask, since you are so determined on a visit to Hirta, what it is that takes you there?'

'Curiosity,' replied I, slightly piqued by the peculiar manner of the questioner; 'curiosity, now still more active to witness the wonders you have described to me.' Mr. Alexander MacLeod slowly placed the fore-finger of his right hand upon the side of his nose, giving that latter member a slight deflection to the left, nodded knowingly, as much as to say 'I understand it; never mind an explanation;' then took his finger down and remained silent. It was now my turn to ask a solution of such conduct, which in this connection excited my curiosity to the highest pitch; but just then the steward was moned to attend to something requiring his immediate presence, and much, very much to my disappointment, our conversation was not

again resumed. I felt satisfied however, from what had passed, that the steward knew more about the mysterious word than he was willing to admit; and this, together with his significant gestures, greatly disturbed me. But I had no opportunity for explanation, for the next day we took leave of our hospitable host, who gave us a letter to the minister, Mr. David Cantyre, commending us to his especial care. As we were departing, Mr. MacLeod came close up to me, and taking my hand whispered: 'Have a canny care of yourself, my young friend; you will not find the coast so clear as you imagined perhaps; and take care — *take care!*' And not waiting for an answer, the steward, with a hearty 'God bless you!' turned hastily away.

We set sail at once, and after touching at North Uist, we stood out for the stormy Hirta.

During our voyage we had constant occasion to admire the promptitude, the coolness, the ready wit and able seamanship of Old Christie. I could not but reflect how little we could judge of an individual, until he was placed in a position to call forth his real powers. It occurred to me more than once, during moments of peril, when our lives depended upon the self-possession and thorough seamanship of one person, how little the wisdom of the statesman, the devices of the political intriguer, the subtlety of the lawyer or the craft of the scholar, could avail to save life and limb, as we were situated, with the sea lashed into fury, and the winds howling around us. How rapidly men's relations to each other change under circumstances of danger! I learned many lessons of practical utility, which I shall never forget, from Old Christie in that voyage.

At length the wished-for point was made. We had experienced a terrible 'blow' which had shortly subsided, and about three o'clock in the afternoon the sun came out, when suddenly Hubert cried out, 'Land Ho! Huzza! huzza! huzza! See, see, St. Leger! There is old Hirta herself!'

I looked in the direction indicated by Hubert, when I beheld what appeared to be the point of a high rock, rising abruptly from the ocean.

'Why don't you look, Christie!' continued Hubert; 'there is St. Kilda.' She bears by compass just as our friend MacLeod told us, 'north-west by west half-north.' Don't be in ill-humor because you did not see it first. Look! look!'

A smothered exclamation, savoring somewhat of contempt, escaped from Christie, at the mention of the name of Mr. Alexander MacLeod; but he simply replied: 'Not quite so fast, Master Hubert! I see nothing of St. Kilda, though I *do* see, and have seen for half an hour, the great rock of Boreray. We have two leagues of southing to make from there, at any rate, compass or no compass; and after that, we must double Livinish (another large rock) before we make St. Kilda.'

Christie was right, as usual; but the wind was happily in our favor, and the gale had abated. We rapidly passed both of these stupendous land-marks, when St. Kilda itself actually came in view.

I cannot describe my emotions on beholding at last the towering cliffs of this storm-beaten isle. My ideas were indistinct; my thoughts were confused; so I tried not to think at all, but turned my attention to the localities of the spot which were becoming more and more visible. We passed near what seemed to be an immense battlement of fearful rocks, and laid our course to what was called the landing-place, which was no more nor less than a solid rock sloping down into the sea, and called by the natives 'The Saddle.' We were espied by the inhabitants long before we were ready to land. A large party of men, women and children had assembled to receive us, the arrival of a 'boat' being a remarkable event in their history. Among the number was the worthy missionary, Mr. David Cantyre, who had hastened down, on learning that a strange boat was approaching, in order to render all necessary assistance. By the hearty exertions of the men on shore, we effected a landing, though with considerable difficulty, not unattended by danger, as the sea still ran high, and the 'saddle' was covered with a species of Lichen Marinus, called in Scotland *slawk*, which was so slippery that it was almost impossible to take a step upon it without falling.

Our arrival seemed a matter of considerable surprise to the natives, when they perceived that we had not put in in distress, nor come upon any business of the steward. But the first thought which struck me, on observing these people, was, that they were warm-hearted and hospitable. The habitation of each was freely offered to us so long as we chose to stay; and we should have been puzzled where to have made choice, had it not been for the missionary, whom we very soon discovered, and to whom we presented the letter of Mr. Alexander MacLeod, which served at once to procure for us the warmest reception. Proceeding a short distance from where we landed, we came to what might be termed 'the village,' where dwelt all the inhabitants of the island. It consisted of a double row of square stone huts, not over nine feet in height, with flat roofs, and which certainly gave no very striking indications of good cheer within.

Hubert cast a rueful glance at the prospect before us, for it was near night-fall, and we were all much fatigued and needed repose; but the good missionary, guessing what was passing in his mind, remarked: 'We have few inducements here to tempt our visitors; but I have an abundance of room in yon habitation to accommodate you all, and plenty of homely fare to stay your appetites, if you will consent to become my guests.'

The invitation was thankfully accepted for ourselves; but Christie, with his usual tact and good sense, said that he had already made arrangements, for himself and his two followers, with a Harris man, whom he had once sailed with on a herring cruise, and who had taken up his abode at St. Kilda. Leaving Christie, therefore, to take care of himself and his men, we followed the minister to his residence. Passing through the first apartment, which was unfurnished, we came to the next and only habitable room in the dwelling. Here, it seemed, we were to eat, drink and sleep; although I could dis-

cover no accommodations for performing the last-named function, unless upon bare floors. A smoking supper soon put the apprehension to flight, by appealing to my present wants. This consisted of a roasted Solan goose, stuffed with *gibain*; eggs, cooked and raw, in several varieties, but all of wild fowl; tulkers, fried in their own oil, and hot cakes of oat-meal. Our sharp appetites were a sufficient incentive, and we did ample justice to the minister's board.

Drowsiness soon succeeded the repast; whereupon our host threw down a little door in one side of the apartment, and discovered to us a wide bed, inserted as it were in the very heart of the wall. This was so much better than I had anticipated, that I did not stop to scrutinize; but telling Hubert to follow me, I crept through the narrow door-way, and throwing myself upon what proved a very delightful down-bed, was soon in a sound slumber.

A STORY OF THE CARNIVAL.

PART SECOND.

THE gondoliers, as off they bore
The dame and her *inamorato*,
To cheer the labor of the oar
Struck up a chorus, as of yore
They sang from the divine TORQUATO.

Now Tasso's lays are thrown aside,
With Tyranny's neglected trophies;
And Venice, to her ocean-bride,
Ev'n when the moonbeams tip the tide,
Repeats no more his tender strophes.

Perchance the pilgrim, wandering there,
May hear some ballad, quaint or pretty,
Some silly words and foreign air,
Some German trifle by AUBER,
Or slight conceit of DONIZETTI:

But when romantic JOHNNY flies
From his dull hole in smoky Britain,
He thinks beneath Italian skies
To hear each dog bark melodies,
And music mew'd by every kitten.

And when the Yankee cockney goes
To Venice, on his virgin trip, he
Is apt, green sapling! to suppose
He shall hear sweeter strains than those
That charm'd him on the Mississippi.

But that's a fallacy ; for oft,
On the Ohio, I have listened
To barcaroles so strangely soft,
That while at the rude words I scoff'd,
The moisture in mine eye has glistened.

And oftentimes the dulcet drone
Of those queer western river-catches
Moves a man more than he will own :
Such music I have seldom known
As the poor negroes make at Natchez.

But, this digression to give o'er,
The gondoliers howled forth a ditty,
And fast receded from the shore
Where Pleasure, but an hour before,
Revelled, sole regent of the city.

Low in the west the sinking moon
Gleamed faintly, looking wan and jaded ;
And sadly, o'er the dark lagune,
Died the dead Carnival's last tune,
The carnival's last glimmer faded.

Afar a crimson lantern showed
Where a small brigantine awaited
The coming of its final load ;
Toward this with speed the boatmen rowed,
Though almost sure they were belated.

The lady drew the string that raised
The tiny window's silken curtain,
And out into the darkness gazed,
And mark'd the light that redly blazed,
Whether from ship or shore, uncertain.

They reached the bark ; the master cried,
'Madam, for you alone we tarry ;
The wind is lucky, and the tide ——'
'For *me* alone ! — no,' she replied,
'Since here are *two* of us to carry.'

She climb'd the deck ; her faithful squire
Lent her his hand, and followed after ;
He knew her coyness soon must tire,
And for his insolent desire
Read happy omens in her laughter.

Oh, yes — she smiled ! he knew she would —
In friendly mood they passed together
To the small cabin, where a brood
Of passengers, as best they could,
Slept, snugly sheltered from the weather.

A drowsy scene ! for all around,
In spite of close, unsavory quarters,
Lay, fast in sweet oblivion bound,
And with harmonious noses drowned
The gurgle of the sullen waters.

Close packed, as bees within a hive,
Some nestled underneath the table ;
Each nook, each angle was alive —
The berths were crammed, and four or five
Lay cuddling round a coil of cable.

But through the swarm, with careful pace,
O'er arms and legs, confusedly mingled,
O'er many a leg and many a face
He crept, and found, by luck, one place
Which none for their repose had singled.

'Be this thy couch to-night — this chest ;
Soon may the breathing of the billow
Rock thine exhausted limbs to rest ;'
With this, her hand he gently pressed,
Sank down, and made her lap his pillow.

Here much that passed I will omit,
Of silly talk and silly kisses ;
For modesty should go with wit,
And a chaste muse alone is fit
For such a moral age as this is.

Close at his side another dame,
Hid in her mantle, was reposing,
From whom upon his weary frame
A sort of magnetism there came,
His senses to a calm composing.

And nothing long his eyes could keep
Free from that blessed seal of sorrow,
And care, and thought, and pleasure — sleep,
Sweet sleep ! so perfect and so deep,
As though there could be no to-morrow !

At last he woke to see the sun
In at the open hatches peeping ;
But his companions, every one,
As though their bliss were just begun,
Lay still, their brains in Lethe steeping.

She, like the rest, indulged her nap ;
Hushed was the heart that lately fluttered,
Heedless of pleasure or mishap ;
But, 'O ! that this were BERTHA's lap,
Or this were not my head !' he muttered.

Then curiosity — the vice
First born of womankind — came o'er him,
And half seduced him, once or twice,
To look upon this pearl of price
That lay thus casketed before him.

And often, as his courage rose,
He raised his head, but straight withdrew it ;
There's something sacred in repose,
Even in an after-dinner doze ;
One fears too rudely to break through it.

Deep, deep in happy dreams she lies !
Now might he gaze on her securely ;
He lifts her mask — at once her eyes
Fasten on his : ' Great Heaven ! ' he cries,
' How like ! — how like ! — ' *t is BERTHA*, surely ! "

His *BERTHA's* laugh disturbed the snore
Of the veiled heap of dormant matter
That lay beside him on the floor ;
She threw her cloak off — *LEONORE* !
He gazed in palsied horror at her.

' O ! for a storm ! ' he thought ; ' a squall !
Breakers ! or but a burst of thunder !
O ! that a water-spout would fall !
Or aught that might this jade appal,
And keep her soul of mischief under ! "

But Fate consented to the jest ;
Widow and wife would have their laughter ;
And, ere the vessel touched Trieste,
All was forgiven and all confessed,
And Peace dwelt with them ever after.

T. W. P.

P A S S A G E S O F L I F E I N T E X A S .

BY HARRY RECKLESS.

It was in the spring of 1840 that *LICENCIO CANALES*, the leader of the Federal forces of the Northern frontier of Mexico, after a severe engagement with the Centralists under *Arista*, was obliged to retreat and take refuge on the western bank of the *Nueces*. Here he besought the aid of the Texan Government, to assist himself and comrades in their struggle for freedom and present release from military oppression. The authorities however did not afford them the relief they sought, as the Mexicans would not promise to recognize the *Rio Grande* as the boundary of Texas, in the event of the success of the Federation. Still the leaders of this revolt were permitted to travel throughout the country, to solicit and receive contributions from her citizens, and to engage a large number of her subjects to serve under the Federal banner, as auxiliaries against the Centralists. The month of May saw encamped upon the precise spot now occupied by our Army of Occupation, (that is, in and about the town of *San Patricio*,) some twelve hundred men, about five hundred of whom were Texans ; men who, by promises of monthly pay, and a hope of plunder, had been induced to join this standard. As will readily be conjectured, these were all men gleaned from the refuse of a country which could well spare them. They were indeed brave, reckless and daring ; brave, from a constant exposure to danger ; reckless, from lack of all other occupa-

tion and means of maintenance ; daring, from a long contact with crime and escape from punishment. This was the character of the mass of those who joined Canales and his generals as soldiers under pay. There were *others* who were persuaded to accompany them under inducements like the following :

In the peregrinations of Canales throughout Texas, he solicited assistance in the shape of contributions of money, clothing, arms and ammunition ; and some of these he bought on credit, while he bargained with others to deliver him their goods at Corpus Christi Bay, and receive their equivalent in money, horses, mules and cattle, which were procured from Mexico, and delivered at such a price as would admit of their being driven into the settlements and sold at a profit. Many goods were obtained in this manner, and were faithfully paid for ; others were contracted for, were landed at Corpus Christi, and delivered in good faith to the Mexicans, when an announcement was made that the enemy had cut off all farther supplies by occupying the passes at the Rio Grande. Canales then proposed to advance the army, or a portion of it, to the frontier, to drive back the Centralists, and to forward supplies. Colonel Nepomoceno Molano was despatched with three hundred Mexicans and one hundred and twenty Texans, the latter under the command of Colonel Jourdan. These made a rapid march upon the town of Laredo, which they took and occupied just before day-break ; the garrison being alike unsuspecting and unprepared. Some little consternation arose from this 'coup de main,' when the enemy retired from the frontier, and supplies were again forwarded, but not in sufficient quantities to pay for the goods already delivered. In this emergency, Canales suggested to the merchants who were waiting for their pay to advance with him to the Rio Grande, when he would deliver them their cattle and provide them with an adequate escort across the Rio Nueces. This was acceded to by fourteen of the creditors, who were young men, the narrator among the number.

Attached to the immediate staff of Canales, was a young American, of northern birth and education, who occupied a position as aide-de-camp and interpreter, with the rank in the Mexican army of 'Terrienté-Colonel.' This rank entitled him to some luxuries not enjoyed by the mass of Texans with whom he was daily more or less associated ; such as two Mexican servants, three horses, and the necessary rations and provender for all. These considerations excited a degree of envy in the minds of some few of his own color ; and although he never injured but oftentimes benefitted his countrymen, it was plain that he was by no means popular among them. He was himself conscious of the fact, which was made more apparent each successive day, as he promulgated the various orders from headquarters. In his situation as interpreter he labored assiduously in their behalf, and thus convinced *some* among their number that he was not deserving of their opprobrium. Notwithstanding his zeal in their behalf, however, there were some few who deemed themselves so much aggrieved at their non-success in certain of their various applications to the General, when he acted as their interpreter,

that they attributed to him their failure, and upon him was vented all their vindictiveness. So far was this carried that his life was several times attempted; and more than once he heard the bullets whistle in close proximity to his person. His horses were stolen, maimed and killed; and in various ways he was molested, until, with patience utterly exhausted, he one morning appeared unattended in the midst of the American camp, and openly accused some three or four, whom he well knew were guilty, of their meanness and cowardice, and dared them to injure in his presence the horse which had carried him thither, and which then stood at a little distance off. His unexpected appearance, his manly accusation, and his brave daring, instantly won him a host of friends among those who had been too ready to be his foes; and LESTER, for that was our young hero's name, left the camp unharmed, accompanied by a dozen or more, who praised him for his boldness and warned him against the hatred and malice of those whom he had so lately incensed.

A few days after these events, the remainder of the army took up their line of March for the Rio Grande, and travelled by journeys of some twenty or thirty miles a day to effect a junction with Molano and his division, and to give battle to Arista as soon as practicable. It was Lester's duty each evening, preparatory to encampment, to point out the various locations for the several departments; to place the posts, station the sentinels, visit each part of the entire encampment, and then report to the General previous to retiring to his own camp-fire. It was his custom also to attend in person to a favorite horse, which carried him in these nightly excursions; to water him, and tie him where he could graze to the best advantage; and oftentimes in the middle of the night would he arise and take his steed to a fresh pasture-spot; for, as no corn or grain was furnished by the army, this was requisite, in order to keep the animals in good condition. More effectually to give his own free opportunity to graze, it was sometimes necessary to remove him quite outside the camp, that he might not become entangled in the cabrestas of the other horses, and thereby deprive himself of the circle afforded by the length of his tether. This custom of Lester's was well known to all the camp; and when absent from his place for any length of time, it was remarked, '*Don Lester y son cavallo son juntos*;' 'Lester and his horse are inseparable.' And this was almost literally true. His attachment to his favorite steed often robbed him of the time allowed him for repose and refreshment.

On the night of the sixth day after leaving the Nueces, the army arrived at '*Aqua Dulce*;' three beautiful lakes in the midst of a desert prairie, surrounded by musquit and live-oak timber. This was the selected location for the night's encampment; and at an early hour the next morning they were to start for a royeau, some twenty miles distant. Lester completed the usual duties of the occasion and retired, having placed his horse some four hundred yards from his place of repose. He awoke a little after midnight, and with his steed passed the line of sentinels, and watered him at the nearest lake, and then 'staked him' in the timber, within a short

distance. This task was scarce accomplished, when he felt himself violently seized from behind, his arms pinioned, his mouth filled with the end of a hair cabresta, so that the jaws, bleeding and lacerated, were painfully distended. In this manner he was dragged for some distance into the midst of a thick grove of musquit, by three men, whom he recognized in the obscure light as his most inveterate foes among the Texans. Their names were Brown, Ormsby and McDaniels. Here he was tied, with his hands behind him, to a thorny musquit tree, and so fastened that he could neither sit nor stand without danger of dislocation of his arms at the shoulders. As his merciless enemies left him, they assured him that they would revisit him on their return from Mexico and divide their plunder; and should he then demand it, he was promised the lion's share. This refinement of cruelty convinced him that he had no hope of either life or mercy at their hands. He was abandoned to hunger, torture and death! He well knew that in a few short hours the army would have left the spot. His absence would be unheeded for a time, and then his friends would suppose him searching for his horse, the animal having naturally strayed farther than usual; and, confident in his perfect knowledge of prairie life, they would expect to see him follow up their trail, and overtake them before another halt. This was not an unfrequent occurrence; and there would therefore be the less reason for alarm at his protracted absence.

These thoughts passed through Lester's mind with the rapidity of light; and in a moment he was fully alive to the awful fate which awaited him. An hour of agony passed on, with nothing to interrupt the horrid silence, save the wind as it 'soughed' through the dense foliage around him, and the occasional neigh of some horse in the distance. He could perceive a slight change in the scene as the first glimmerings of the approaching sunrise shed their faint rays in the heavens; and the three shrill notes of the 'clarine,' as he blew the matin-call, startled his now sensitive ear, and convinced him of the short time he would remain in the vicinity of those who might succor him. Moments were to him hours. A struggle to sunder the bonds which confined him only sent the hot blood in rapid leaps throughout his stiffening frame. His efforts were useless; the cords were selected for their office, and fastened by those well versed in secure knots. Many a wild mustang and mule had striven in vain to free himself from them. Lester knew that it was worse than folly to attempt to liberate himself, and he made no farther effort; but with brain seared and reeling, and eyes dimmed by his overpowering exertions, his sense of hearing was stretched to its utmost tension; and on *this* Hope lingered. As long as he could recognize the accustomed sounds of his comrades, though never so faintly, he felt that he was not all alone, and that some fortunate circumstance might lead a stray footstep to his vicinity; or perhaps his presence might be required in the camp, and he be sent for, in which case his rescue was almost certain. Failing this, it had nothing on which to rest; and the future was a blank of awful, despairing thought; it was to dwell upon protracted torture, which was to

end in certain yet lingering death. So long however as his acute ear could detect the sounds of preparation in the camp, his mind reverted less keenly to the future; each instant of the present was a life of all-absorbing interest to him. The next few minutes would decide his earthly destiny. Again the clarine's call brought to his ears the signal 'To horse! to horse!' His heart sank within him as he heard the occasional voice of a soldier leading his horse near his position, as they passed toward the camp. At length even these sounds became less and less frequent, and finally ceased altogether. Then the bugles sounded 'the march;' he heard the last commands swelling on the breeze; then faint and more faint, until Silence had possession of that awful solitude!

The overburthened mind, too long held in dread suspense, now quickly awoke to stern reality. Tears, bitter, unavailing tears, coursed down his cheeks, as he more fully realized his situation; but even these 'drops of the heart' were a relief to the intensity of his feelings. Visions of home and happiness, of life and love, flitted through his mind, forming a strange contrast with his present prospects. Hark! — a rushing sound! *Something* is rapidly approaching. Ah! he has been missed, and is searched for! No; 't is but a startled fawn, roused by his late companions, who are now far on their march, and dashing through the neighboring thickets, fearful of pursuit. So directly toward him came the affrighted deer, that Lester could not but assure himself that he was saved. But his self-congratulations were doomed to a sudden reverse. A long interval of uninterrupted stillness gave him ample opportunity to ponder on his sad fate. At this moment a huge vulture-buzzard, with wide-extended wings, sailed slowly by, and sank more near the earth; then slowly wheeling in a large circle, he returned and hovered over the head of the wretched captive. Soon numbers more arrived, to keep the first in countenance, until at length myriads filled the air; now high, now low; their gyrations decreasing in circumference until the sky seemed darkened with their presence. Lester knew but too well the attraction that brought them in his vicinity; too well he knew, that before life had left him they would be feeding upon his vitals. Instinct had taught the horrid creatures that he was doomed for their sustenance, and they only awaited his perfect supineness to commence their promised repast. Again a slight noise is heard in the distance. Is it another deer? No; it is more like the slow and cautious movement of a wolf. It nears him — still nearer! Can it be voices? No; such hope is futile. It is! it is! He hears words distinctly spoken, and in the Mexican language! Oh! for a chance to call for succor! but the wish is unavailing; for the cabresta, in thick coils, is so inserted in his mouth that all utterance is prevented.

Mexicans indeed they were, six in number, belonging to the army, and in search of mules which had strayed away during the night. Seeing no tracks in the neighborhood, they passed on, and once more Lester was doomed to bitter disappointment. Still, he heard their voices occasionally; and once, when far distant, the neigh of

their horses reached him, and to his surprise it was answered by another animal, apparently very near him. He heard a shout given by the men, and listened to their rapid return. From the sounds close at hand, he knew they had secured their mules, and he could hear them, *distinctly* hear them, converse in their own language.

'But, comrade, these buzzards are certainly expecting a meal; they do not fly in company in this manner, so near the ground, unless something is dying, or about to be abandoned. If it were already a carcass, they would be down upon it, and gorging themselves. No; it is either a wounded deer or some poor jaded horse, deserted by these Texanos. Let us search for the body; if it is the first, we will save it for our meal to-night; if it is the latter, the main and tail will serve us for cabrestas. We can find it easily; it must be near at hand, and we can soon overtake our division.'

Thus speaking, they parted, and wandered in different directions, often hailing each other, so as not to separate too widely. During this 'scena,' which was heard *distinctly* by Lester, his suspense was rendered still more intolerable; but he now felt sanguine that they would not leave the vicinity till they had satisfied their contending doubts. He did not wait long before he heard a loud and guttural call, made by one of the buzzards, as he swooped and almost touched his person with his falcon-like beak. This attracted the immediate attention of the Mexicans, and convinced them that the object they sought was at the very point where the cry was given. They reached the spot simultaneously, and vied with each other in their efforts to release their beloved officer. Their exclamations of horror and surprise were unheeded by him, for he had lost all consciousness. The first glance at his liberators had overpowered him with conflicting emotions, and exhausted nature could no longer support him. It was a long time before cool water from the lake brought back his dormant faculties, and made him fully alive to his escape. At length, however, supported on the breast of one of the Mexicans, he glanced wildly around, and became conscious that bonds no longer confined him. He bounded to his feet, and cried out, in an agony of despair, 'Help! help!' He then fell prostrate upon the ground, bathed in blood and tears. An hour passed, and still he remained unconscious. They resolved to carry him in turn upon their saddles, they sitting upon the horses behind, and carefully securing him from falling. In this way they had advanced some ten miles, when he showed signs of returning animation, and at last became fully aware of what was passing around him. He had had a very narrow escape from a dreadful death, a fact which he has never ceased to feel, and for which he can never cease to be grateful.

EPITAPH IN A MARBLE-YARD.

'FAREWELL! my little DUFFLE dear!
We would fain have kept you here;
But 't was JESUS' will that you should die,
And He will soon your place supply!'

CLING TO THY MOTHER.

BY GEO. W. BETHUNE.

I.

CLING to thy mother ; for she was the first
 To know thy being, and to feel thy life ;
 The hope of thee through many a pang she nursed ;
 And, when midst anguish like the parting strife,
 Her babe was in her arms, the agony
 Was all forgot, for bliss of loving thee.

II.

Be gentle to thy mother ; long she bore
 Thine infant fretfulness and silly youth ;
 Nor rudely scorn the faithful voice that o'er
 Thy cradle prayed, and taught thy lisping truth.
 Yes, she is old ; yet on thy manly brow
 She looks, and claims thee as her child e'en now.

III.

Uphold thy mother ; close to her warm heart
 She carried, fed thee, lulled thee to thy rest ;
 Then taught thy tottering limbs their untried art,
 Exulting in the fledgling from her nest :
 And, now her steps are feeble, be her stay,
 Whose strength was thine, in thy most feeble day.

IV.

Cherish thy mother ; brief perchance the time
 May be, that she will claim the care she gave ;
 Passed are her hopes of youth, her harvest-prime
 Of joy on earth ; her friends are in the grave :
 But for her children, she could lay her head
 Gladly to rest among her precious dead.

V.

Be tender with thy mother ; words unkind,
 Or light neglect from thee, will give a pang
 To that fond bosom, where thou art enshrined
 In love unutterable, more than pang
 Of venom'd serpent.* Wound not her strong trust,
 As thou would'st hope for peace when she is dust !

VI.

O mother mine ! God grant I ne'er forget,
 Whatever be my grief, or what my joy,
 The unmeasured, unextinguishable debt
 I owe thy love ; but find my sweet employ,
 Ever through thy remaining days, to be
 To thee as faithful as thou wert to me.

* How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
 To have a thankless child ! LEARN.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE HISTORY OF LONG-ISLAND, FROM ITS DISCOVERY AND SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME: with many important and interesting Matters; including Notices of numerous Individuals and Families, etc. BY BENJAMIN F. THOMPSON, Counsellor at Law. In two volumes. pp. 1055. Second Edition.

THESE volumes, dedicated though they are to a particular history, commend themselves by their richness to the general reader. The author is a patient, sincere, unrequited antiquarian. By the collation of materials which his pains-taking has saved out of old town annals, we are enabled to preserve a true and curious picture of the life and manners of the Long-Islanders two hundred years ago, embracing both the Dutch and English settlers; and our remoteness in point of feeling, more than of time, we venture to assert, is enough to provoke a smile at such primitive modes. The gaunt, stark, moody Puritanism, whose stiff-cut garment was forced upon the supple and cultivated figure of the age at home, sat here like true Nature, where its backward tendency, humored as if by the kick of Necessity itself, reached the very savageness of the year one. Here all was in character; the howling wilderness, the far-stretching, desolate plains; the breakers bursting upon the sea-shore, like a perpetual cannonade; and as the stern settler in his Sunday clothes stalked to the meeting-house, pulling his musket after him through the thick briars, he encountered only the sullen front of the Indian, or some of the Half-Moon squadron, the grunting and phlegmatic Dutchman of the Manhadoes, positive of his prior right. Puritanism might have been born here, instead of being wafted to the neighborhood by any 'May-Flower.' As it was, it was the right soil wherein to plant dragon's-teeth, and a precious crop of warriors rose up to battle for conscience, armed *cap-à-pie* with their own prejudices. Thrown back into the midst of savage nature, and of savage men, they brought with them an appropriate garment of external manners; and that which was treason against taste, when it threw itself into violent contrast with the fantastic elegance of the first CHARLES, here became very proper. For how should men be of a winning or joyous aspect, when every occasion of a hard repulsive life scowled dismally, and the eye wandered over pickets and palisades on a landscape never caressed as yet by the hand of culture? And farther: is it to be wondered at that Woman, whose mitigating beauty knows how to light up with an adorable lustre the worst scenes, contracted the complexion of the time, and Religion smiled horribly a ghastly smile? Here was not the place for the *roscida mella*, the sweet blandishments of society, where the earth was ferocious: outer modes were therefore consistent, but certain principles of action were inconsistent. Let us not forget that we are now to arrange annals. Though the soil, much of it be barren, and history

devotes but few (yet important) pages to this field, these islanders have preserved among them some materials which will not be deemed uninteresting, as illustrating the character of the Puritans. Tender conscience, as will be seen, (the bugbear of the time,) was found associated with rough hands; and as drink now-a-days, so meat then 'made many brothers to offend.' For conscience' sake they fled from tyranny; to worship God according to conscience, they erected an asylum; toleration and the rights of conscience they were prepared to maintain, though they had to burn a few Quakers with intolerably hot flames. To their honor be it said, on the first breathing-spell which they could get from the savages, and after a few enclosures had been erected to protect them from the more imperative wolves, their very first care was to provide for the support of a minister, and to build a meeting-house, (without a bell,) where they might conscientiously worship God. This is the first praiseworthy memorial on the record of every town; and the transmission of this pious trust to succeeding generations has since served to beautify the landscape of many a New-England village. Notices like the following are of frequent occurrence:

'At A Jeneral townd-meeting held in Hempstead the seventh day of January in the yere of our LORD 1677, It was agreed on by the major vote that they should bild a meting-house. This was confirmed at a townd-meeting held the first day of Eaperell, and Mr SEMANS and JOHN SMITH (?) was chosen to go agree with JOSEPH CARPENTER to bild a meting-hous.'

'Aug. 1, 1683.—Town voted that JEREMY WOOD should have ten shillings a year 'for looking after ye opening and shutting of ye window-shutters belonging to ye meeting hous, and to look carefully after ye hour-glass.'

'JAN. 29.—The town voted ABRAHAM SMITH thirty shillings a year for *beating the drum on Sunday*, and other meting days, to be paid in *tobacco payment*, or wheat at six-and-eight pence, and Indian corn at four shillings a bushel.'

At Jamaica, March 9, 1693, 'Mr. JOSEPH SMITH was chosen to go with NEHEMIAH SMITH to ye main in order to ye procurement of a minister;' and five years afterward the town resolved to erect a new and larger house for public religious worship, for which purpose the inhabitants were 'divided into five 'squadrons,' to procure and bring to the spot timber, stone, lime, and whatever materials were wanted.' The following will show how the salary was raised: 'MAY the 24: We under Righten two Ingeage Ech and Every of us to give these under Righten sumes to JEREMY HUBARD yearly, during the time we liue under ministry, and to pay it in corn and Cattel at Prise as it Pasis Currant among us.'

We have read with interest many other quaint passages from the old-town records contained in these volumes, illustrative of these characteristics, as well as others descriptive of the intolerant and intolerable persecution of the Quakers, (especially of those who 'permitted Quakers to quake at their houses in Gravesend,') and of Lady Moony, the HESTER STANHOPE of her time, who defended herself against the attacks of her enemies with a heroic bravery worthy of JOAN D'ARC. Indeed, we have gleaned from the work before us much to illustrate the primitive manners of the Long-Islanders, which until a comparatively late period remained essentially the same. Separated, like the Britons, from the whole world, they sought no change. For instance, the last militia-training in Queens county afforded a parallel to what occurred in King's county in 1694, when 'a woman of the town of Bushwick was indicted at the sessions 'for having beat, and pulled the hair of Captain Peter Praa! while at the head of his company of soldiers! on parade!' Agriculture was not greatly advanced, nor were pasture-grounds more cultivated in many places, a few years ago, than in the days when 'WILLIAM JACOBS and EDWARD RAYNOR were appointed to be cow-keepers for the year; the people to be ready, at the sounding of the horn to send out their cows, and the keeper to be ready to take charge of them, sun half an hour high, and to bring them home half an hour before sunset.' Education was then limited to reading and spelling; sometimes extra guilders being devoted to 'a writer.' Scandal went about seeking for food, and courtship was accompanied with as disorderly means as the unlawful kiss stated to have been stolen from the sweet lips

of 'BETTE SCUDDER.' There were no turnpike-roads, and the facilities of travel were very limited. The Kings-county men knew nothing of the Queens-county men, and both were ignorant of the Suffolk-men; and the pall of ignorance became denser as the circle widened. Forty years ago the late learned and venerable Doctor DWIGHT traversed the island, and remarked: 'The views, affections and pursuits of the people must of course be always limited. Almost all their concerns are absolutely confined to the house or to the neighborhood, and the neighborhood rarely extends beyond the confines of a small hamlet.' In order to become aware of the great changes which are now going on, and will soon revolutionize this secluded spot, it is necessary to look over the volumes under notice. They contain a mass of information on topics which we can now scarcely mention; memorials of the revolution; biographical sketches of many distinguished men; a catalogue of the birds of Long-Island, furnished by JAMES E. DEKAY, M. D., etc., etc.

The accuracy of information on local points is not to be complained of. There is, no doubt the author would go fifty miles to settle a date, never minding dust, weeds and the rank grasses. He possesses the keenest scent for a fact, tracking it and re-tracking it; pausing momentarily at any fence or obstruction; throwing up his head with a little uncertainty, and then on. By threshing about the sands and scrub-oaks, he has hunted up some birds of pretty good feather, and drawn up many a noble tree and genealogy, proving this one to be the son of a distinguished lord, that one of a 'merry cobbler.' It turns out that there is armor enough among the old farm-houses to furnish a herald's office, and Smithtown is a hot-bed of nobility. Most of the facts saved are valuable; others, which must have been attained by dint of much labor, will not be appreciated by the obtuse public, while the ignorant might apply to them that very apposite remark made by the President of the Long-Island rails, who when threatened with law-suits because he had gone sparking through the pine timbers and kindled a rousing flame, said with a happy raillery, that 'the company was like a south-side crow, very hard to catch, and not worth any thing when it was caught.' So much for the annals of Long-Island, which no one hitherto has taken the pains to explore; reckoning it some sandy Pylos, some barren region, where only the pines grew, those excrescences of barrenness, and every aspect was altogether savage. But the invasion of modern travel is at last there, letting in the noisy world, and from 'Coneyn Eylant' to Montauk Point waking up the pulses of a new life. Once, the low market-wagon with its forlorn horses crawled to such places of inauspicious title as Cow-Neck or Mosquito-Cove. The very names of things have been changed; 'Glen-Cove' and 'Roslyn' now allure the traveller with their euphonious sound. We have seen the gigantic engine roll over the solitudes of the great plains, the white smoke rising in columnar masses like the many pillars of the Giants' Causeway; the brilliant fragment of a rainbow upon the escaping steam, and athwart the path a deer springing, like a swift memory of the past, to plunge into the waters which the Indians loved so dearly, and which was almost their only lake — *Ronconcoma*! The discovery has been made that the island possesses many a delightful Tempe, many a chosen spot of unsurpassed picturesqueness and beauty. On all hands are beheld some objects worthy of the judicious traveller; whether he rambles on the borders of the Atlantic coast or looks down from a loftier promontory where luxurious mansions take in the prospect of the Long-Island Sound, or have been builded, like another Baie, on the very margin of its delicious waves; and we cannot but hope that Mr. THOMPSON'S book will make the public still better acquainted with these scenes.

THE GREECE OF THE GREEKS. By G. A. PERDICARIS, A. M., late Consul of the United States at Athens. New-York: PAINE AND BURGESS.

THIS interesting work, as its title indicates, presents to us the condition of modern Greece, and is dedicated to those who are interested (and who is not?) in the fate of that nation. A Greek by birth, but an American by adoption and education, we find our author, as United States' Consul, on his way to Greece, in 1837. He left that country in his early youth; and our interest in his work is greatly heightened by the peculiar relation subsisting between himself and the land he describes. It brings to mind the psychological triangle of COLERIDGE, on one of the angles of which he placed an ideal representative of the public, on one other angle his imaginary self, and on the remaining one took his stand, to observe how he appeared before the public, and relatively, the public to him! Our author reached Athens in the beginning of 1838, and soon after we find him threading his way through the valleys, the ruin-crowned passes, and rocky islands of his native land. He visited all the localities of historic renown, and those connected with the strange events of the Greek Revolution; and of all these he has given clear and spirited descriptions, together with the reflections unavoidably awakened by the nature of his themes. The work opens with a summary review of the existing government of the country; of the circumstances connected with its formation; and of the system of diplomacy pursued by the allied powers, from all of which the author presents this conclusion: 'The history of the last fifty years has recorded many wrongs; many acts of oppression and injustice; but neither the history of the present, nor the annals of ancient and modern times, can afford us a more terrible example of national vassalage than that of Greece, or which more vividly portrays the beauties of an exotic policy, justly characterized by MACAULAY as 'the worst species of slavery.' We are compelled,' he says, 'to acknowledge that no form of government can give a guarantee for peace and security in Greece, so long as her people, her assemblies and her courts are distracted by the Machiavelian intrigues of the foreign diplomatists.' In his observations on the condition of the people and the resources of the country, Mr. PERDICARIS has frequent cause to remark upon the injurious operation of the government, and in no respect does it display so great a want of wisdom as in the disposition of the public domain. Some of the most fertile districts are lying waste, and losing their population, from the exorbitant rents demanded of the peasants who cultivate them. They are obliged to pay to the national treasury twenty-five per cent. of the gross produce of the soil; and, as if that were not enough, they are farther subjected to the vexatious exactions of the tithe-gatherers, who are the worst scourges of the land. A government deeply in debt has yet rulers so stupid as not to know that the prosperity of the people is necessary to that of the nation; or who prefer to keep them in poverty, in order to make them the better slaves. Notwithstanding all that is said, however, in disparagement of the government, our author speaks favorably of the King, whose character and position he has well considered. Indeed, throughout the work the writer has manifested a thorough knowledge of the character and condition of the Greeks, and a comprehensive insight into the operations of the government, for good and evil, upon them. And although he finds much in the system of politics through which their native energies are thwarted that tends to retard the development of the resources of the country, he does not despair of their ultimate triumph over all oppression, and every discouragement, and the final achievement of

a new and glorious destiny. His hopes of this consummation are founded upon their deep nationality of feeling ; their institutions of religion and education ; the success of their revolution, and their 'late and splendid triumph in behalf of constitutional liberty.' We must refer the reader to the work itself for the biographical sketches of DUCAS, COLCOTRONI and MARCO BOZZARIS, which are admirably written, and replete with interest. In fine, to the antiquary, the artist, the poet, the student of nature, of art and of political economy — to all readers, in short — we cordially commend the volumes whose merits we have so imperfectly indicated.

THE ARTISTS OF AMERICA: A SERIES OF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF AMERICAN ARTISTS; with Portraits and Designs on steel. By C. EDWARDS LESTER. New-York: BAKER AND SCRIBNER.

THE immediate object of this series of biographical sketches, the writer informs us in his preface, is to make our artists and their works better known at home. 'I have long believed,' he says, 'that the insensibility of the nation to the claims of art and artists was more owing to a lack of information on these subjects, than to any, perhaps *all* other causes; and I have long desired to see this want supplied with some work, uniting beauty of execution and cheapness of price with authenticity of facts, to secure for it general circulation. Artists themselves will not do it, although well qualified for the task; perhaps they could not do it without suffering, however unjustly, unkind imputations. No one else seems inclined to make an attempt, and I have resolved to try it myself.' Confining myself strictly to the object of the work, already stated, I shall endeavor only to make our artists and their works better known to their own countrymen. No alarm need be felt by them; for I shall not consider it my business to deal with living men without their consent, however current the old adage may be, that public men are public property. I do not propose to compare one artist with another, nor to praise any body. All an artist or an author needs, is to be known through his works. If these convey his eulogy, let him have no solicitude about his fame.' Mr. LESTER opens his series with a biographical notice of WASHINGTON ALLSTON, accompanied by a fine portrait of his illustrious subject. The following admirable lines by Mr. CALEB LYON, of Lyonsdale, after the manner of SWAIN'S 'Funeral of Sir WALTER SCOTT,' have an appropriate place of honor in the present sketch:

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

CREATOR of the Beautiful, which lives through distant years,
Methought I saw a funeral band following thee in tears;
'T was not the tread of mortals, but a strange ethereal train,
For stars shone brightly through them, while sweeping o'er the plain.

The Dead Man of ELISHA pass'd sadly in my dream,
And the Angel of ST. PETER shone like the morning's beam;
With ELIJAH from the Desert, and URIEL from the Sun,
Mourning in tearless silence the great departed one.

ROSALIE's radiant form was there, her tresses flowing wild;
Man's glorious Madonna, a Mother and her Child;
SAUL and the Witch of Endor; and then a Bloody Hand
Floated before SFALATRO, as he followed in the band.

MONALDI, gazing wildly, moved with an air of pride;
GIL BLAS, with fair LUCRETIA, went weeping by his side;
CATHERINE and PETRUCHIO, and sweet ANN PAGE were there;
And then, the noble and the brave, and women pure and fair.

The Angels passed, with JACON, arrayed in Glory's dies,
 Their shining wings half folded, and quivering for the skies;
 The prophet JEREMIAH as he stood sublime of old,
 And the Destruction of Jerusalem to aged BARUCH told.

Fair REBECCA from the well, whose tears were streaming fast,
 With the imperial MIRIAM, who glided slowly past;
 And darkly strode BELSHAZZAR, for *now* his Feast was done,
 With terror on his curling lip and fear upon his tongue!

They gathered round the yawning grave; a group of Shadows wild,
 And pour'd their tears of incense o'er Columbia's gifted child;
 The night wind blew a solemn dirge, and bright stars twinkled dim —
 'He rested from his labors, and his works did follow him.'

We can scarcely praise too highly the care of the new and enterprising publishers in the matter of typography and paper. Both are excellent.

THE POEMS OF ALFRED B. STREET. First complete Edition. In one volume, octavo. New-York: CLARK AND AUSTIN.

WE were about to indite a short review of our esteemed friend and correspondent's very beautiful volume, when the following notice of the same work, from the capable pen of Mr. C. F. HOFFMAN, in '*Excelsior*,' (a most gentlemanly journal, 'too early lost,') met our eye, and we at once decided that we could do nothing half so felicitous as to say 'ditto to Mr. BURKE,' and make the notice 'ours by adoption.' 'Mr. STREET is the TENIERS of American poets. Perfect in his limited and peculiar range of art, as is LONGFELLOW in his more extended and higher sphere, STREET is the very *daguerreotype* of external nature. And yet his portraits are not mere mechanical copies of her features, so much feeling as well as truth is there in his microscopic delineations. He has not indeed the fervid minstrel power of WHITTIER; the high meditative philosophy of BRYANT; the fine lyric inspiration of HALLECK; the beautiful and luminous sentiment of LONGFELLOW; nor is there the vivid creative power, the sparkling fancy and impassioned grace, which divided among some of our female poets, is as yet blended upon the page of neither sex, in our still nursing literature. Yet that characteristic still remains to him, without which all these others are as nothing; and which, possessed to the full degree in which it fills the soul of STREET, makes him a true poet; namely, *feeling* — an intense feeling and appreciation of his subject; a devotion like that of a lover to his mistress; a love for nature unaffected, enthusiastic, unceasing; a love vigilant as a mother's for her offspring; reverential as that of a child for its parent. He watches her every look and feature, with no end save the tender delight of thus watching; he worships her every expression, with no motive save the gratification of his full feeling of homage. And if the issues of social life chance at times to blend with the accidents of his theme, the flow of inspiration from such sources is wholly subordinate to the natural tides of his song. With the pedantic or superficial reader, STREET might still be left as the maker of mere descriptive verses, which had no merit save a kind of Chinese fidelity to purely physical realities; but he who, impelled by the true love of Nature, shall look more curiously into his song, will find STREET's poetry, like the face of the divinity herself, full of suggestiveness. As an instance of this, we may mention that we have before us an illustrated London publication, in which one of his poems (regarded by matter-of-fact people here as characteristically matter-of-fact,) has suggested to a spirited artist two of the most striking sketches that the season has produced.'

THE THEATRICAL APPRENTICESHIP AND ANECDOTAL RECOLLECTIONS OF SOL. SMITH, Comedian, Attorney-at-Law, etc., etc.; with Sketches of Adventures in after years. In one volume. Philadelphia: CAREY AND HART. New-York: BURGESS AND STRINGER.

BUCKTHORNE, the poor-devil actor and author, under the facile hand of WASHINGTON IRVING, became a very renowned personage; and we doubt not that 'Old SOL. SMITH,' (so-called, we suppose, because he is still a young man,) in 'attempting his own life,' will make his 'travel's history' equally famous. But comparison apart, we have here a very pleasant book; full of amusing and evidently truthful gossip, comprising adventure and incident sufficient to supply any six volumes of those wordy native 'novelists' (novelists by courtesy,) who cover large slices of bread with uncommonly small pieces of butter. We hardly remember to have seen the haphazard existence of a strolling player so graphically depicted as in this little work. Here to-day and gone to-morrow; now with a well-filled purse, the result of accident or unforeseen good-luck; anon, despairing of a shilling, and with no hope of even compassing that current coin; to-day harried by the officers of the law; to-morrow free as air, and happy as a tinker. By-the-by, the descriptions of the manner in which that necessary evil, a sheriff, was occasionally 'done' by our actor-author in his dark days, are among the pleasantest reading in the book. Observe how he 'sold' a functionary in this kind one Saturday evening, at Wellsburg, Virginia:

'PAYING was out of the question. I could not think of going to prison. Outwitting the sheriff was my only chance. It was Saturday night. I directed the door-keeper to invite Mr. Sheriff to take a seat among the auditors, and I would attend to him as soon as our performance should conclude. This was satisfactory to the officer. He seated himself and enjoyed the entertainment very much. By introducing a few additional songs, I contrived that the curtain should not fall until after twelve o'clock. The good-natured sheriff was then invited behind the scenes, and he proceeded to execute the writ, apologizing for the necessity which compelled him to perform the disagreeable duty. 'My dear Sir,' said I, leisurely proceeding with my undressing arrangements, 'don't apologize; these things must be done; but why did you not serve your writ some minutes ago? You are now too late.' 'Too late! How so?' 'Why, my dear Sir, it is Sunday, and I make it a rule never to transact business, particularly law business, on the Sabbath.' The sheriff here consulted his watch, and found he had been overreached. 'Sure enough, it is past twelve, I do believe, and I do n't think I can touch you. Well, curse me if I can be angry with you, Mr. DARBY. Come, all hands, and take a drink.' On Monday morning we were in Ohio, where Old Virginia could not reach us.'

On another occasion, our hero, being dogged even to the stage, made his escape by falling through a 'vampyre-trap' in the boards, while a theatrical accomplice put the officers upon a false scent. But reduced though he often was, and sometimes almost beyond the pale of hope, the star of 'Old Sol.' was in the end always in the ascendant. It was otherwise with many of his Thespian associates; some of whom, after a life of trial and vicissitude, met with an untimely death. One was eaten up by wolves while camping out at night in one of the everglades of Florida; leaving no vestige behind save a few tickets of admission and 'some wigs and stage properties, torn into small pieces.' While at Cincinnati, in 1822, receiving applications as manager for engagements with him, FORREST, 'who was then performing in the small towns of Ohio, with no success,' applied to him for a situation in his company, which, for reasons not connected with the professional merits of our distinguished tragedian, was declined. An amusing incident arose out of this; for, in a pet with our author, FORREST repaired to a neighboring circus, and hired himself to the proprietors 'as a rider and tumbler for a year!' MR. SMITH called upon him and found him surrounded by riders, tumblers and grooms; and on remonstrating with him, FORREST convinced him of his ability to sustain his new rôle, 'by turning a couple of flip-flaps on the spot!' But we are at the end of our rope; having only room to add, that MR. SMITH'S work is profusely and admirably illustrated by DARLEY. Success to it!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF GRAY, IN HIS 'COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.' — We have been sitting to-night for a full hour, by the mantle-clock of our goodly sanctum, listening to the February snow-storm raging and howling without, and doing 'nothing else,' save to gaze upon so simple a thing as an *English daisy*, pressed between the leaves of a manuscript memorandum-journal, kept by an old and congenial friend, lately returned from a fruitful rather than 'the usual' European tour. We said we had been doing 'nothing else;' but we should correct the expression and the impression. We have been repeating, verse by verse of matchless melody, GRAY's 'Elegy in a Country Church-Yard,' looking stedfastly the while upon a daisy, plucked in the leafy month of June last from the very 'lap of earth' on which the world-renowned poet laid down his honored head in its last repose. Sacred ever to us will be the little 'eye of day,' or '*day's-eye*,' kindly given to us by our friend; and pleasant, to the reader as to ourselves, will be the admirable record of the occasion which transferred it to the journal before us:

'A SMART drive of half an hour on the Great Western Railway brought us to Slough, the station-house of Eton and Windsor, distant twenty miles from London, and about two from Windsor Castle, the turrets and walls of which are distinctly visible on the left. 'The crowd' hurry to the castle, to 'gaze and wonder as they gaze' upon this gorgeous pile, surrounded and filled as it is with all that is picturesque in nature and beautiful in art — the magnificent summer retreat of the QUEEN and Royal Family. We did not follow the crowd; but turning to the left, sought out a 'neglected spot,' and one more congenial to our taste and feelings, consecrated to genius and immortality — the 'Country Church-Yard' of GRAY, where he composed his 'Elegy,' and where repose his ashes. It was an 'incense-breathing morn,' and we pursued our way, for a mile or more, through green lanes decked with daisies, and hawthorn-hedges scattering abroad their ambrosial sweets, (would that they were perennial, and that we could walk and breathe among them for ever!) when a sudden turn in the road brought us in full view of the modest little church of Stoke-Pogis, with its neatly-tapering spire. It is the misfortune of most travellers that their imagination invests scenes and men with characteristics and attributes that on intimate acquaintance they are found not to possess. Such however was not the case on the present occasion. My imagination could not have drawn a picture more like to truth than this; so retired, so shut out from the busy world around me, that I felt as if I were capable of

writing an 'Elegy' there myself! We entered through a gate that swung slowly upon its hinges. GRAY had come and gone through that same gate: we walked along the narrow pebbled path leading to the portal; GRAY had often trod the same path; we fancied we could almost see the impress of his footsteps. We passed the portal; how many times had *he* passed through the same portal!—how many happy little urchins and laughing girls had he chucked under the chin, and bade them a 'Good Morning' or a 'God bless you!' We entered the church, antique and curious in its fittings and furnishings, and carefully preserved in its original simplicity. 'That,' said the old lady, whom we found busily engaged in dusting, 'was the pew where *he* used to sit.' 'She knows our business,' thought I, 'without our telling it. Does she see it in our faces?' I saw 'the shilling' plain enough in her's. Alas! that the 'Elegy' should also be turned to pence! 'To what base uses may we come at last!' But she was n't the worst of the tribe. 'And here he used to sit!' Whether from being tired, or from some feeling of sympathy, I could not choose but sit me down just where '*he* used to sit.' 'Well, my good woman, show me where he is buried.' 'I will, Sir; but there is the stone.' I looked up, and saw a small tablet inserted in the wall, with an inscription certifying, that in the adjoining yard were deposited the remains of THOMAS GRAY, author of the 'Elegy in a Country Church-Yard.' The old body had told me all she knew, and I had no desire farther to 'molest her ancient solitary reign.' She had told her brief story, 'all she had,' and obtained 'the shilling.'

'We sauntered into the yard. The rooks tenanted the 'rugged elms,' and the 'yew-trees' shade' was as grateful to us as had been the shade of the same trees to GRAY. There they stood, in their primeval strength and beauty; and there too

'HEAVES the turf in many a mouldering heap;
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.'

'Immediately in the rear of the church, and beside his mother, over whose grave the tender poet had erected a fitting monument, lie the remains of the illustrious dead. A stone inserted in the wall of the church, with an appropriate and short inscription, only marks the spot. I plucked some daisies from his grave, and lingering around, busied myself in deciphering the inscriptions on the tomb-stones; and although many were overgrown with moss, and illegible through age, yet there were some that bore date previous to the composition of the 'Elegy,' and were within the compass of GRAY's eye when he wrote it. The surrounding country, in picturesqueness and beauty, is just such as would inspire the sentiments of the 'Elegy.' 'The place' (we were told by a man cutting grass in the yard) 'is not much visited;' so that it is indeed 'a neglected spot' in which reposes the dust of the immortal author. A neighboring park, within a stone's throw of the church, contains a lofty cenotaph erected by the proprietor of the grounds, commemorative of the poet, and on either side are appropriate verses from the 'Elegy.' Flowers adorn its base; and hastily plucking a few, and casting a 'longing lingering look behind,' we bade adieu to the village church of Stoke-Pogis.'

WE are glad to be enabled to promise our readers the gratification of perusing hereafter other passages from the same 'blotter-journal,' as our friend designates it, whence we have derived the foregoing interesting 'single-entry.' We have had occasion to see, in glancing hastily over its leaves, that many scenes and incidents which your common-place traveller would have passed as un-noteworthy, are recorded in the true spirit of one who travels 'to observe,' and who knows 'how' to.

'CHALDEAN CHRONICLES OF GOTHAM.'—The oyster-cellar of AMBROSE in 'Auld Reekie' was made famous by the 'Noctes' of CHRISTOPHER NORTH, in BLACKWOOD'S Magazine; and we verily believe that a tithe of the literary commentaries, the felicitous sayings, the scientific discussions and the poetical flights; the racy anecdotes, sprightly burlesques and trenchant satires, which are heard in the course of a month at our AMBROSE'S, would compose a fund of entertainment that would be 'hard to beat.' Some wag, with whom 'upon a time' we must have forgathered at 'the cavern of the man whose name is as the Wind that bloweth where it listeth, and as the dust of the earth,' has sent us the subjoined '*Chaldean Chronicle of Gotham*,' which hits off, in a style closely resembling the Chaldean manuscripts of the earlier BLACKWOOD, some of the personal characteristics of certain eminent legal functionaries and others among us, who sometimes snatch a hasty repast at 'the place aforesaid.' Listen to the words which are written:

AND there dwelt in the city of Gotham a man whose habitation was in a cavern, in which were many mansions, and whose name was like unto the storms of heaven.

2 For the name of this man was as the Wind that bloweth where it listeth, and as the dust of the earth.

3 ¶ And he dealt in the good things of this life:

4 And strong drink.

5 And in the cavern of this man was an upper chamber, in which much people did congregate.

6 And they did eat, drink, and were merry; for they did not know but that on the morrow they might die.

7 And the chief of these men sat in high places; yet nevertheless he cast off his robes, and became as one of the people; yea, and he was comely to look upon.

8 And this man was fair of speech, and in his tongue was the law of kindness.

9 And the widows and the virgins, yea, even the married women of the city of Gotham, worshipped him;

10 And worshipped he them.

11 And after him there came to the mansion of the man whose name was like unto the storms of heaven, a citizen of short stature, and whose countenance was like unto the cherubim and the seraphim, whose heads are engrafted on the tomb-stones of the ancients.

12 But he preached unto the multitude in an unknown tongue:

13 Because they did not understand the wisdom of the words which he uttered.

14 Howbeit, when he asked of them concerning their understanding of the words which he preached, they answered and said unto him, 'Yea, verily, we do understand the wisdom of thy words.'

15 But they lied in their throats.

16 Nevertheless this man was upright in the face of the LORD, and he remembered the widow and the fatherless, and forgot them not.

CHAP. II.

AND one of the people which did congregate in the cavern of the man whose name was like unto the storms of heaven, dwelt afar off, even beyond the river of Jordan.

2 And there was a Wall about his dwelling, and he wore a coat of many colors.

3 Nevertheless this man dispensed his substance with a free hand and a bountiful to all who entered his gates:

4 And the LORD prospered him, for he loved his fellow men.

5 But he wrangled with the man whose face was like unto the cherubim on the tomb-stones of the ancients.

6 And after they had disputed for a long space, the one said, 'I have conquered.'

7 ¶ But the other answered and said, 'Lo! I have conquered thee, this day.'

8 Nevertheless they remained steadfast in their friendship, and they did eat and drink together, as before.

9 And the words which they uttered passed for nought.

10 And yet another man came into the upper chamber, who was well-favored.

11 And all the men of Gotham, yea, and likewise the women thereof, turned their hearts toward him; for he also was fair to look upon.

12 And this man delivered unto the people from time to time, even once every full moon, a book of surpassing wisdom.

13 For in it was engraven the wisdom of the wise in all the region round about.

14 And the name of this book was like unto the Great Enemy's, and the color of the covering thereof was as the firmament of heaven.

15 And the young men and maidens of Gotham yearned for the book, for great was their admiration thereof.

CHAP. III.

AND it came to pass that while these men were making merry in an upper chamber, there came a sound like unto an horseman horsing upon his horse.

2 And there appeared in their midst a scribe, of a countenance like unto the sun in the brightness of his rising, and of much learning in the law.

3 And when he looked around, and saw the loaves, and the fishes, and the fowls of the air spread before him, and likewise the hidden treasures of the sand, he pronounced them good.

4 Because he was an hungered or athirst continually, and greatly coveted the companionship of his brother-scribes.

5 Howbeit, he was a friend to the poor, and to him that cried in the highways of the city.

6 Moreover, when even was come, he played a strain upon a wind-instrument.

7 Now it came to pass that when the man who was a scribe, and a man of much learning in the law, beheld the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, and the hidden treasures of the sand, he did laugh in his heart.

8 ¶ But when the men asked of him concerning his mirth, he answered and said unto them, 'Yea, verily, I cannot answer.'

9 And the man whose countenance was like unto the cherubim took from under his girdle a box of curious workmanship, inlaid with gold, made by the hands of a cunning artificer.

10 And when he had opened the box, he took

therefrom a weed of strong flavor, which he put into his mouth, and did chew it, even as the ox cheweth his cud.

11 And he returned the box of curious workmanship back to the place whence it came.

12 And after the men had partaken of the feast, they left the cavern, and the mansions thereof, and went on their way rejoicing.

For the rest of these 'Chaldean Chronicles of Gotham,' are they not written, and at this time reposing in the capacious breeches-pocket of the capacious author thereof? Of a verity, such and no other is the case!

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF HENRY WARE, JR., BY HIS BROTHER, JOHN WARE, M. D. — 'To the memory of the FATHER, whose example and instructions guided the life and formed the character of THE SON, this volume is reverently inscribed.' Such is the simple and touching inscription of a volume that well merits the extensive perusal which it has obtained. Without especial regard to the subject of the memoir, it forms, as a mere specimen of pleasant biography, an admirable model, both in the style of the original matter and in the judicious arrangement of the letters and extracts of which it is mainly composed. No method of relating the history of a man's life is on the whole comparable with this of allowing the individual to speak for himself. Certainly there can be no more perfect *photograph* of a person's character and habits of mind than his familiar correspondence with friends so intimate with him that all disguise or artifice of tone or thought are out of supposition. This mode of narration however can only succeed when undertaken with a clear appreciation of what is to be preserved and what rejected. The '*votiva tabella*' must not be too much encumbered with foreign details, which tend rather to divert attention from the story than to illustrate it. A want of attention to this important requisition has of late forced a great many dull biographies upon the public, and spoiled many from which we expected much enjoyment. No one can have read the late life of Lord ELDON, or of Doctor ARNOLD, without lamenting the labor so necessary to cull and reject and find out, amid so great a mass of materials, what was excellent and important, and what might without loss have been dispensed with. We are loth to adduce so strong an instance of error in this kind as a recent biography of Doctor BELL. Such is our impression of the prodigious dulness of those three vast octavos, that we shrink from dwelling upon them, lest their stupidity infect our editorial pen. Doctor WARE has pursued a wiser course, and the result is, that we should be unwilling to spare a single page of his delightful volume; for there is a freshness, a naturalness, and what is a consequence of these qualities, a life and spirit informing the work, which can scarcely be too highly praised. He informs us that the selections from his brother's correspondence bear but a small proportion to the quantity of manuscript matter. From the excellence of the portion which he has given, there is reason to believe that he might have been far less scrupulous in his eclecticism without becoming amenable to criticism like the foregoing. In its *kind* his book reminds us not a little of LOCKHART'S Life of SCOTT; and to the many who knew and admired HENRY WARE, it possesses hardly an inferior degree of interest. To the higher and more solid reputation which this excellent divine has left behind him, must be added that of being one of the most graceful and charming of modern letter-writers.

'WHAT SOME PEOPLE THINK OF DOING IN HEAVEN' is the title of an essay from a clever correspondent, which, while it contains many passages of genuine thought and forcible satire, is nevertheless marred by others which admonish us that its publication entire in these pages would scarcely conduce to general edification. We annex therefore a few segregated extracts only, to show the drift and purpose of our new contributor. 'In spite of the distance,' he remarks, 'which a heavenward conjecture must travel before reaching its mark, I have sometimes heard men and women, in a fit of communicativeness, or a dash of good-humor, express themselves to the effect that they meant to do this, or hoped they could do that, when they had 'shuffled off this mortal coil.' Then they would stammer and blush, as if they had got on forbidden ground, and would half retract, or at least broach another and unconnected topic. But from these scarce-uttered sentences, these random instances of opening the heart and revealing its secrets, I have caught a glimmer of the truth. Men *do* waste a thought or two on the occupations of their leisure hours after death, although few acknowledge it, even to themselves; they hug it close to their own bosoms, hardly knowing it is there; they treasure it up as a choice idea or holiday sentiment, which they only dare to think upon in dark corners before the candles are brought in; they are sure to glide into its train whenever they get upon a brown study in a secluded rocking-chair; though perhaps, if you were to say to one of them, 'Dear me, Uncle JOHN, what are you thinking of?' he would start and cry, 'Bless my soul! I do n't know that I was thinking of any thing!' I find that men *have* a lingering idea that although we are to enter a different state of being, it is after all pretty much like the present. They cannot bear it long in mind that matter is to be destroyed, and every thing corporeal to be disembodied; they cannot, or at any rate do not, separate the soul from the creature, the mind from the body. Glorified spirits, they seem to imagine, must have legs and arms as well as themselves.

'It does not occur to them, or only as an after-thought, that trades and professions will be proscribed; their own peculiar line of business, especially, seems to be safe from the ban of proscription. There is a continual forgetfulness of the awful destiny of the material world; of the rolling together of the heavens like a scroll, and the final conflagration. In JEREMY BENTHAM's memoirs, I believe, there is a worthy old lady spoken of, whose simple and only idea of heaven was 'to sit forever in a clean white apron and sing psalms.' Unsophisticated creature! She pictured to herself a yellow rocking-chair and a nicely-sanded floor, the very counterpart of her little back parlor in Queen-street. Perhaps too she imagined a black tabby-cat reposing snugly on the hearth, purring in the blaze of a hickory fire. Nice old lady! commend me to such an one when sickness has got the better of me; when I assume the various colors of the rainbow under the prismatic influences of a scarlet fever, a black-and-blue rheumatism, or a yellow jaundice. There is an old scribe in one of the insurance offices in Wall-street, a scrivener of the old school; one of that glorious fraternity of which TIM LINKINWATER was chief; who in a moment of benevolence whispered in my ear the simple wishes of his honest heart: 'If ever it was his good fortune to mingle with the blessed in Heaven, he would stand at the recording-angel's desk and mark his system of book-keeping! He would narrowly watch how he conducted his accounts with us poor creatures below, and notice whe-

ther he entered into a regular statement of debtor and creditor, or whether he preferred the simple form of single-entry!' I can imagine him turning over the leaves of the ponderous volume, too wrapt in awe to comment on the diversity of its contents, too deeply reverential even to marvel at its dreadful accuracy. For myself I do not wonder at his looking forward to the time when he can unclasp the sacred volume and run over its holy pages; and if you could see the pleasure he takes in looking over his own spotless columns of addition and subtraction; the exactness of the footings, the symmetry of the figures, and the perfect sphericity of the cyphers, you too would hardly be surprised that he should carry his admiration of accounts even to the 'Sealed Book.' If the good old soul could have his own will in the appointments of his death-bed scene, he would wait the last summons with his ledger in his arms, and his faithful pen behind his ear. One could wish *him* no happier destiny than to spend an eternity in the midst of divine folios, and draw his breath over the perpetual evaporation of an immortal inkstand. But apart from that class of persons who, like our friends the old lady and the accountant, so guilelessly think of heaven as little more than an extended and diversified earth, there are others who from disposition and education look up to it as the final home, where there is provision for every want, relief for every wo, and where the thousand innocent pleasures that may be experienced in this life are expanded into one endless round of unalloyed happiness. The great divine, ROBERT HALL, whose whole life was spent in almost unbearable agony, endured it only in the belief that rest would come at last; it was his trust and hope that the ceaseless pain which had gnawed his vitals for more than twenty years, would merge at length in an eternity of ease and quiet. The mild and gentle WILBERFORCE, who found his highest delight in acts of kindness and efforts at relieving misfortune, and whose life dropped away in beneficence and good offices, maintained that heaven offered an extended field for benevolence and tenderness; that though, thanks to God! none would need relief, or feel the pressing want of sympathy, yet kindly impulses and gracious acts were not on that account to be proscribed; that the virtues of humanity and pity, which the world so exercises and brings to maturity, will not wither and decay in a heavenly atmosphere. Beside the various notions held by individuals on the subject of an after-death life, whole nations, unenlightened by the spirit of Christianity, have been prodigal in fancies and conceits as to where, how and how long they shall draw the breath of a spiritual life. The Greeks infused their natural love of beauty and harmony into their speculations on futurity, and conjured up the delicious dream of the Elysian Fields. The Great Spirit, the Indian believes, conducts the brave and the honest to perennial hunting-grounds, where the heather of the prairie blooms in one continual spring, and where every brake conceals a buffalo. The voluptuous Moor looks forward to a ceaseless alternation of the placid pleasures of the bath and the drunken delirium of love; a state of blissful intoxication, where oceans of perfumed waters and the gorgeous sparkling of dazzling eyes are the reward of—heaven knows what virtues! Ages of metempsychosis must elapse before the Hindoo reaches *his* heaven: those dreadful crimes on the banks of the Ganges, where children are drowned, and the living husband is interred with the dead wife, must be expiated and atoned for, through a half eternity of transmigration. Not until the soul's corruption has been purged away by dwelling in the bodies of animals, and by taking upon itself the dull stagnation of the life of plants, can it hope for final beatitude in the presence of BRAMA.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.—We open our little budget with an earnest recommendation to our metropolitan readers to lose not an hour's time in securing the high gratification which is to be derived from a visit to the '*Inman Gallery of Paintings*,' now open for the benefit of his family at the Arts-Union Room, in Broadway, opposite the Hospital. It is a most admirable collection of an hundred and twenty paintings by our lamented friend, and embraces very many of his latest and most admired productions. Aside from a great number of eminent citizens of our own country, living or 'gone hence,' there are several of his latest portraits and landscapes, executed during the artist's recent residence in Great-Britain. There are portraits of WORDSWORTH, MACAULAY, CHALMERS, Lord COTTENHAM, and other eminent personages, pronounced absolutely faultless as likenesses, and combining the best characteristics of INMAN's happy pencil; a most charming view of '*Rydal Water*,' Rydal Mount, near the residence of the poet who has made the scene immortal; with the last landscape ever painted by the artist, the most sweet and beautiful '*October Afternoon*,' a picture of itself abundantly worthy of a separate exhibition, and alone worth the small price charged for admission to the entire collection. The INMAN GALLERY will soon close; it therefore behooves all who have not visited it to avail themselves of their very earliest leisure to do so, for the opportunity cannot again occur. . . . A PLEASANT friend, whose hand we should like to grasp this raw and blustering night, gives us in a late gossiping epistle the annexed daguerreotype of Mobile, (Alabama,) and the region round about. Is not the limning graphic and artistical? 'Amid dusty law-books, in a dimly-lighted room, the damp walls of which are covered with crystallizations of salt, with the nasty drizzly rain of our wet season pattering monotonously against fly-bespeckled window-panes, I despatch to you this 'white-winged messenger of a pure friendship.' Mobile may be divided into two parts; '*Mobile Hell*' and '*Mobile Heaven*.' The former is the city itself, where the business is transacted. Let me show you the scene. Along the wharves an hundred steam-boats, vomiting forth thick pine smoke, and lashing the waters to foam with their impatient wheels; drays hurrying to and fro, driven by the blackest set of negroes the world can show; swearing, laughing, talking, joking, singing, as only negroes *can* sing; and all this jargon in the most villanous English you ever heard; the front streets strewn with cotton-bales, placed in just such harmonious confusion as the Giant's Causeway in Ireland, amid the intricate passages of which 'cotton-samplers' are seen winding their way, now stopping before a bale and boring down to the very heart of it with a long iron auger, and drawing forth huge tufts of the 'wool,' white as snow, then despatching their boys to the office with samples. In the distance, as far as the eye can reach, the surface of 'Polecat Bay' is dotted and harrowed by gigantic arks (called steam-boats) covered all over with cotton, through the apertures of which are seen two huge black iron chimneys, belching forth dense volumes of dark smoke, such as issues from the crater of Vesuvius. '*Mobile Heaven*' is the *locale* of the country residences of the wealthy, about a mile below the city, on the beautiful bay; without exception the most magnificent, luxurious situation in this good republic. All along the banks, extending down to the water's edge, are '*Gardens of Hesperides*,' filled with the rarest odoriferous plants and trees of the 'southern clime.' The sweet-scented, eye-delighting orange hangs at this moment in abundant clusters from countless trees, which form thick and impenetrable hedges all around the garden fence; and around and through these hedges are creeping the far-famed

and most beautiful southern jessamine, mingled with the golden pomegranate fruit. In the middle of these gardens the ever-green leaves of the Magnolia form shady and fragrant groves. Here and there in rows the sun-set hue of the little limes charms the eye, and eke the expanded nostril. What a spot for a *studium*? And you shall have it, C —, if you will only come and take possession; for 'my governor' has just purchased one of the rarest of these dwellings, on the tuneful bay, where the waves beat time to the quivering, sighing leaves of the pines, as the winds kiss them with softest touch on their way to your icy climate, losing all their sweetness long before they reach you.' Fain would we accept our friend's kind invitation, but we are 'tied to the oar' in the service of the 'OLD KNICK,' and cannot hope for such happiness. Mean time, next to seeing our friend, is to hear from him; to talk of him, with mutual friends; to read his letters to us and to them, and their's to him. Apropos of these latter: here is a piece of one, not yet transmitted, which will show how much 'the departure of PAUL' is regretted in these excavations, or 'diggins' as they are inelegantly termed in western regions:

'THERE is no fun in B — street, none at all,
 Since B — street lost her champion, honest 'PAUL.'
 No longer his long legs along the street
 Are seen to move; no more his glance I meet,
 As I perform my shaving operation,
 Down in the basement when I take my station.
 Each morn, at half past eight o'clock precisely,
 I saw PAUL pass; his clothes were brush'd so nicely,
 His spotless linen was so fair to view,
 That though 't was old it seemed 'as good as new!'
 All looked so clean and neat, and snug and trim —
 Where is the fellow that could distance him?
 Where is the jocund face? — the merry laugh
 Which filled the room, as he the punch would quaff?
 I could go on for ever this way, PAUL — but, hark!
 I hear quick footsteps! — 'surely, that is C — k!'
 'I've heard from PAUL,' quoth I; 'Let's see his letter;
 'By Jove!' said he, 'I never read a better!'

and so forth; all of which we jot down, for the sake of showing the public that we have 'epistolary poets' in our midst of whom the world has not heard until now, and to apprise our friend that a manuscript missive is preparing for him, of 'hugeous dimensions.' . . . We have rarely seen a clearer discrimination between poetical 'talent' and 'genius' than will be found in the following remarks of a correspondent, who sends us a caustic review of Mr. Poe's 'Raven.' We are obliged to decline the criticism, with which its theme is not commensurate; but we have pleasure in heartily endorsing the opening remarks of the writer:

'Of the composition which passes in the world for good poetry, there are two species; which may be generically distinguished, one as the offspring of Talents, the other of Genius. The last is the kind which could not have been written in prose; having an inherent necessity to be *sung*; and which is produced in obedience of the rule never to write poetry when you can help it. You may fail to discover its secret and law, but you cannot choose but feel its influence. It has a *harmony* of its own; it touches the soul kindly; you feel *satisfied*. It is like the genial sunlight to the eye, compared to the fiery glare of burners and gas-lights. It is like the sweet, unostentatious harmony of a master in music, after the artistic but many-cornered combinations of a talented imitator of the masters. You cannot discriminate the difference; and yet, the restless pleasure excited by the one, and the calm unquestioning *content* which the other induces, make you certain (so soon at least as the first drunkenness has subsided) that the latter knew, the former only guessed at, the secret of nature. The other kind of poetry, the offspring of talents, is produced by a more or less conscious obedience to rules of art, generalized from the practices of genius. Its growth is not by assimilation, but by accretion. Genius produces an organic being; talents, a piece of mechanical artistry. To both fancy furnishes the elements; but the former fuses them into unity; the latter wilfully dove-tails them into a *semblance* of unity. An unlabored consistency and harmony of all the parts is therefore

the proper mark of the handiwork of genius; for the parts conspire in an organic *one*. The work evinces design; all its elements are under the control of an overruling purpose. In the other kind of poetry, on the contrary, there is no blending, no fusion, no growing together of the elements; but only a cunningly-wrought *interweaving* of them.

THERE is a lack of moisture in some men's dispositions. The 'cup of life' is a phrase altogether out of place, applied to them; there are no such words with them as 'mingled with sweetness,' 'a bitter draught,' 'the flow of wit,' etc.; and they can never die of 'water on the brain.' They do n't seem to admit any thing which cannot be set down at the very moment in a table of statistics and reckoned up. Their memories are but the treasure-house of things undoubted, which no mortal man can or will doubt, and which can be proved by the Rule of Three Direct. HAZLITT has hit off very well your man with one idea. This one however is a mere egotist. He may be a dreadful bore, in most companies, but his facts are not quite so demonstrable. This large opinion of himself is an amusing element, and may occasion a little ripple of excitement in the mind of the listener, or at least a small feeling of contempt. When he is rehearsing his own schemes, or recites his own praises, he has got hold of something which at least tickles his own palate; his *own* mouth waters; and he at least listens to himself with a high-wrought interest. He is 'all ears'; but your matter-of-fact person is another animal. For proper conceptions of this interesting class of persons, refer to 'ELIA's paper on *Imperfect Sympathies*.' Listen also to the following sketch (from the pen of an always welcome Northern correspondent) of a highly matter-of-fact young lady:

'MANY years ago I fell in company, for a few days, with a very worthy young lady, of good family, and of rare personal beauty. I think I have never seen a finer face, in every particular, save that of expression. Of this, one could only say, in the very temperate eulogium of the Dublin critic upon Mrs. SIDMONS' playing, that it was '*not so bad*.' It was neither silly nor stolid, nor yet strikingly intellectual. Perhaps I should say now, that she had a rather unimaginative and matter-of-fact expression. I am sure I had no such idea at first sight; I only saw that she was very handsome, and accordingly 'fell in love' on the instant, with the 'strange alacrity' in that sort of 'sinking' which is apt to characterize boys of eighteen who have sanguine temperaments, and have read BURNS and BYRON. With less than an hour's acquaintance, I began to 'make love'; at least I *talked* it with great fluency and fervor; and 'talking of love is making love,' notwithstanding the assertion of Dr. FRANKLIN, that 'one might as well attempt to make a pudding or a plaster by the same prescription!' Unluckily for the Doctor's dogma, the common experience of mankind is against it. The Doctor was, after all, but a matter-of-fact man, and could only talk understandingly of thunder and lightning, and such-like sensible things, that he could see or handle. As I was saying, I talked of love; of love 'in the abstract,' to be sure, as Virginians are said to treat politics; but still of love; of the fond communion of souls; of the twin-union of hearts; of 'clouds that mingle into one,' and all that sort of thing. Much I discoursed of '*confidence*,' as the soul and essence of the ethereal passion. I fear me I must have talked 'transcendentally,' or if not transcendently, at least up to the sublimity of the 'Scotch metaphysics,' which, though always several keys below the German pitch, may be very beautifully unintelligible notwithstanding. From first to last my fair companion gave attentive audience, 'and with a greedy ear devoured up my discourse.' Still, when I expatiated on the glowing 'confidence of love,' she seemed a little perplexed. But I could not explain, even had I supposed an explanation necessary. I think I know what I meant to say, but I can't be positive. By 'confidence' I certainly meant a very different thing from the article that is alleged by bankers and merchants to have been 'lost' in 1836-7. It positively never occurred to me to explain that I was talking of a trust something higher and more exquisite than the confidence which it is necessary to repose in one's cordwainer or tailor. In the full belief that I had been 'making love' to the happiest purpose, I paused, like BARTUS, for a reply. My lady's eyes seemed to sparkle, in token of intelligent sympathy, as she answered: 'What you have said, Sir, is very true: confidence is a very good thing, if one only knew where to place it. Some people make confidants of half their acquaintance; but I assure you I have learned to be very careful who I trust a secret with!' She would n't have understood KANT or COLEBRIDGE, that girl — but she was very handsome, for all that!

THE admirable paper from the pen of our Natchez (Mississippi) correspondent, '*A Visit to the Home of my Childhood*,' is filed for insertion. Very touching are his remembrances of the brother who was his companion in boyhood, and who 'in the flush of youth laid him sadly down to die.' Not unlike the reflections of our correspondent are the beautiful lines of LEYDEN:

'THE latest word, that feebly died away,
Revisits oft the ear in accents weak;
The latest aspect of the unbreathing clay,
The thin dew shining on the lifeless cheek:

'While still, the glimmering beam of joy to cloud,
Returns anew the wakeful sense of wo;
Again we seem to lift the fancied shroud,
And view the sad procession moving slow.

'The freezing crystal of the closing eye,
In fancy's waking dreams revive again,
And when our bosom heaves the deepest sigh,
A mournful pleasure mingles with the pain.

'And must thou sink forgotten in the clay;
Thy generous heart in dull oblivion lie?
Like the young star, that on its devious way
Shoots from its bright companions in the sky?

Oh, no! with brighter glow and more effulgent beam, that star shall rise and shine forever in the constellation of GOD, who called it into being! . . . THERE are occasionally quite clever things to be encountered in our sprightly contemporary, the '*Yale Literary Magazine*.' There are mad wags among 'the boys' in the time-honored college of New-Haven; and the writer of '*Obscuritatis Plenæ Quæstiones, cum Notis Copiosis ad Explicationem*,' in the last issue of the '*Literary*,' is 'one of 'em.' Hear him: 'Nunc itaque Yalenses! tua capita scalpatote! frontes contrahite! oculos claudite! tum has quæstiones subjunctas excogitate!' Perhaps two or three of the questions which ensue were found difficult to answer. They are worse than Hood's 'Given C. A. B. to find Q.,' for in that case the student had only to get a cab and take a pleasant ride to Kew, which was very easily accomplished, if we remember rightly:

'If three men work ten days on a fertile farm, what is the logarithm?
'If three men, one of them a colored man and the other a female, set out simultaneously, which 'll get there first? Required also, from these premises, the time of starting, starting-point, destination, and the 'Natural Number' belonging to the other.

'*Explanatory Note.*— $X = O - B$, the probable age of the parties multiplied into the distance travelled.

'Of what use is a compass without a needle, and which way does it point?

'*Note.*— X = supposed use. S = South.

'What is the required length of a limited steel wire which runs the other way?

'*Note.*— $X + X + X$ = other way.'

In the solution of the problem, 'As a general thing, which will do the most good?' an 'allegational formula' is given which defies our types. The solution however, it is but just to say, is as clear as the question itself! We annex two or three others:

'In a large household neither father nor mother knew any thing. How was it with the family?

'Is a man ever justifiable in either case, and if so, which? *Note.*— $2C = \text{Both}$.

'Two men unable to travel set out on a journey, at different times, in company with a third in the same condition. For three hours the first two kept ahead of each other, when, a violent snow-storm arising, all three lost their way. What's required?

'If a hard knot be tied in a cat's tail, which way, how long, and with what success will she run after it? Also, who tied the knot?

The conditions of this last problem are extremely vague; but we cannot help thinking that many minds have been 'disciplined' by mathematical problems which were of quite as much practical value as this, or any of the others which we have quoted. We beg leave to subjoin a few kindred questions, involving maritime law, the science of heat, scripture history, etc.:

1. SUPPOSE a canal-boat heads west-north-west for the horse's tail, and has the wind abeam, with a flaw coming up in the south; would the captain, according to maritime law, be justified in taking a reef in the stove-pipe without asking the cook?

2. The chief property of heat is, that it expands bodies, while cold contracts them. Give a familiar example of this operation of a natural law. 'Yes, Sir; in summer, when it is hot, the day is long; in winter, when it is cold, the day contracts and becomes very short.'

3. How much did it cost per week to pasture NEBUCHADNEZZAR during the seven years that he was 'out on grass?'

4. Can there be a rule without an exception? 'Yes; the nasal organ is indispensable to a comely human countenance. 'How beautiful is the face of Nature!' — yet we look in vain for a nose!

Vive la Bagatelle! . . . HUMANITY recoils at the outrageous cruelty recently exposed in the investigation concerning the convict PLUMB, who was lately *whipped to death* in Auburn state's-prison, by an under-keeper! The testimony before the grand jury is revolting in the highest degree. We wish to add our influence in assisting the public every where to point the slow unmoving finger of scorn and detestation at *Melancthon W. Cary, who whipped a poor convict to death in the state's-prison at Auburn.* As the newspapers have it, sometimes, 'Pass him on! pass him on!' . . . WE perceive in the daily journals an announcement of the death of Mrs. ELIZA KIP, relict of the late SAMUEL KIP, of Kip's-Bay, in the seventy-fourth year of her age. DEATH is continually walking the rounds of a great city, and sooner or later stops at every man's door; but at few dwellings where he calls, can he find the old KNICKERBOCKER worthies, who have grown up with the great metropolis in which it is their happiness to reside, and whose memories, by near links, go back almost to the golden age of the Manhaddoes. Of this class of time-honored citizens was Mrs. KIP; a kind and affectionate mother; a friend, beloved and cherished; a christian lady; who has fallen 'like a shock of corn fully ripe in its season.' Few and fewer will be the record of the deaths of these honored relicts of a past generation. May the present inculcate their simplicity and purity of character, and imitate their many virtues. . . . THE reader will be sorry to miss the facile hand of JOHN WATERS in the pages of the present number. The pen of this rare essayist, however, has not been idle, 'as will more fully appear hereafter.' Meantime, having nothing *from* him, let us speak a word or two *of* him; or rather, let us hear what the '*Newark Daily Advertiser*,' of New-Jersey, an excellent and tasteful journal, says concerning him. In a review of the different papers in a late issue of the KNICKERBOCKER, the Editor observes: 'But, decidedly, the most flavorful dish of the *cuisine* is furnished by that most cunning of all culinary artists, rare JOHN WATERS; the delicate dew of whose spirit is imparted, like that of 'MY UNCLE, THE PARSON,' whose memory he embalms, 'in a manner graceful and effortless as Evening, and fertilizing the Soul with passages of Heaven.' He is our American ELIA, and often reminds us of COLERIDGE's beautiful definition of genius; that it consists in carrying on the feelings of the child into maturer years. There is always something child-like in genius; a sportiveness, a naïveté, a simple gladness, an opening of the heart to all sweet influences. While your men of mere talent are pompous, and solemn, and dignified; ever feeling and acting like 'grown-up men;' or so sentimental, so reflective, or moralizing, that the simplest object in nature only suggests some grave maxim, or solemn truth; true Genius, calling 'Goodness its playfellow,' gives itself up with a 'teachable spirit' to the first simple impressions of common things; content to wonder, and smile, and admire, just as though it were a child. Nature has many a sweet lesson for those who love to frolic with her; who treat her as a play-fellow rather than a school-mistress; and such is JOHN WATERS. May his shadow never grow less!' 'Amen to that!' will be silently breathed or fervently said by thousands who peruse these pages. A stranger to 'glorious JOHN,' as he terms him, who writes us that he has 'borrowed his likeness from his likings,' says of the class of gentlemen in which he places him, (with remarkable truth, for 'an entire stranger,' let us add,) that 'you see in their countenances that they are at home, and in quiet possession of

the present instant as it passes, without desiring to quicken it by gratifying any passion or prosecuting any new design. These are the men formed for society; the entertainers who, in imparting to every guest a new enjoyment of himself, benevolently secure their own.' . . . A SMILE, we think, will pass over the reader's countenance on perusing the following *morceau*. It relates to the fact of the Duke of WELLINGTON, then Sir ARTHUR WELLESLEY, being sent to Portugal, somewhere about the year 1809, to supersede Sir HARRY BURRARD and Sir HUGH DALRYMPLE in the command of the British army, then stationed at Lisbon:

'THE brave Sir ARTHUR WELLESLEY,
Sir HARRY and Sir HUGH,
Doodle-doodle! doodle-doodle!
Doodle-doodle doo!
The first he was a gallant knight,
But for the other two,
Doodle-doodle! doodle-doodle!
Doodle-doodle doo!'

At the end of the sixth line, heave a dubious sigh, and shake your head! . . . We are well confirmed in the belief, and by those whose judgment, as SHAKESPEARE hath it, 'cries in the top of ours,' that an umqwhile correspondent and friend *is* in error, as we informed him he was, in his opinion concerning a matter which he will remember. Let us see. In a late number of the 'Democratic Review' there appeared a criticism upon a paper in the 'Southern Quarterly,' from the pen, as we noted, of 'a voluminous Southern novelist, now in the decadence of a limited sectional reputation,' upon the theme of '*American Humor*.' The critic of the 'reviewer,' after remarking that he 'regarded slightly the mass of that writer's romantic and poetical efforts,' and did not consider him 'a very fine or delicate judge of either men or books,' added with truth, that 'humor was a quality which appeared very faintly, if at all,' in any of his multitudinous productions; and that, 'ungifted with an appreciation of that genial attribute,' it was not perhaps to be wondered at that he should have erred so widely; and the critic proceeded (and but for a most ridiculous revelation of *his* idea of humor, as illustrated in the 'writings' of a sad, *sad* 'humorist' in our midst, proceeded well) to animadvert upon the pretentious assumption of the 'reviewer' in question, that America was 'without any humorous literature;' that '*our published humor was a blank*,' and so forth. We went still farther; and 'knowing whereof we spoke,' took the liberty to indicate, that neither the acquirements, the perception, nor the literary reputation of the reviewer, entitled him for one moment to sit in judgment upon the admirable 'published humor' of such 'Americans' as IRVING, SANDS, SANDERSON, and many others who might be named. Why, we had but to turn to our port-folio and read in the hand-writing of the immortal Sir WALTER SCOTT *his* opinion of a specimen of the 'published humor' of *one* of the American authors thus tabooed, KNICKERBOCKER's 'excellently jocose History of New-York,' as the great novelist termed it, from which he had derived so uncommon a degree of entertainment: 'I have been reading the work to Mrs. SCOTT and two ladies who are our guests,' he writes, 'and our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing. I beg,' he adds to his correspondent, 'that you will let me know when Mr. IRVING takes pen in hand again, for assuredly I shall expect a very great treat,' etc. That 'treat' was subsequently afforded him, and publicly acknowledged in one of his world-renowned works; the very least attractive of which, we may add, will be read and cherished with delight when the labored 'pen-and-ink'-lings of the 'author-reviewer' whose baseless and un-American assumptions we in common with our 'Democratic' con-

temporary rebuked, shall have remained buried for centuries in the dust of their early and escapeless oblivion. . . . It may be, nay doubtless it is, a morbid feeling which prompts the meditative man to pause and look up at the successive stones slowly sinking into their resting-places in some public edifice in process of erection; thinking the while how long those inanimate blocks will remain there, and how many will gaze up at them when the present beholder is mouldering into dust. Such have often been our own thoughts in looking at the public temples which have been builded in this city within the last fourteen years. But we have been thinking to-day how (could we but know it) the fronts of our earlier edifices would be found written all over with kindred thoughts, if they who gazed at them could have left the impress of their reflections upon the stones which arrested their attention. *They* are gone! yet nature is as gay, the sun shines as bright, men are as busy in getting gain, as in the centuries that are past. Ah! well may the thoughtful man exclaim:

'WHERE, where are all the birds that sang
A hundred years ago?
The flowers that all in beauty sprang
A hundred years ago?
The lips that smiled,
The eyes that wild
In flashes shone
Soft eyes upon;
Where, O where are lips and eyes,
The maiden's smiles, the lover's sighs,
That lived so long ago?

'Who peopled all the city streets
A hundred years ago?
Who filled the church with faces meek,
A hundred years ago?
The sneering tale
Of sister frail,
The plot that work'd
A brother's hurt;
Where, O where are plots and sneers,
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,
That lived so long ago?

'THE uttermost parts of the earth' would seem to be penetrated by the 'OLD KNICK.' The 'islands of the sea' hear of us, and speak well of our labors and the labors of our correspondents. Lo! here is a copious file of '*The Polynesian*,' from the Hawaiian Islands, in the Pacific, in which are copied sundry articles from all the departments of MAGA. We are indebted to the editor of '*The Polynesian*' for these numbers of his interesting journal, as well as for many public documents from the same press; comprising official reports; correspondence in the case of JOHN WILEY, (not our friend the well-known publisher, but the 'American citizen' who was tried for an offence against the laws of Hawaii;) legal arguments and decisions in admiralty and chancery, reports of harbor-laws, etc., etc. We can scarcely call to mind any thing which has given us more pleasure than the following high encomium upon our exertions by His Majesty the KING of the Hawaii Islands. It will be seen that his praise is entirely unreserved: 'Ma keia, ke kau nei ka manao o ka mea hoopii, imua o ka AHAHOKOLOKOLO KIEKIE, e hookolokolo hou; a na haia mai a na kakania imua o'u, ke kumu o keia hoopii ana i keia la. I poe na na e *hooponopono* i kona kanaka waiwai.' We do not claim to have earned these kingly commendations, but we shall do our best to deserve them—'in a horn!' . . . 'SPEAKING of horns' reminds us of '*Horn's Bowling Saloon*,' at No. 333 Broadway, where sedentary merchants and professional gentlemen are wont to congregate, to promote digestion and a free circulation of blood, in the indulgence of a most innocent and healthful exercise. Fine alleys and an attentive proprietor seem to be the 'attracting power' of the saloon in question. . . . WE were sitting with a 'young KNICK' the other day, whose boyish lineaments CHARLES JARVIS, with a most faithful pencil, was transferring to canvass, when we began to muse upon the treasure which that picture would be to us, should it please the ALMIGHTY in his providence to take the dear child to HIMSELF: then came the recollection of a *something* which had before awakened a similar train of reflection; and presently Memory settled down upon a little picture

so well described by WILLIS in one of his letters from Mayence, addressed to our friend FULLER's excellent journal, the '*Evening Mirror*:'

'In an out-of-the-way corner of the gallery of paintings attached to this museum, hung a small picture that I should think no man could look at with an untroubled heart. It was by a living German artist, and, by its position and the cheapness of its frame, seemed to be little thought of; but it was a poem on canvass, and of wonderful pathos and beauty. It represented a young German peasant and his wife sitting by the cradle in which their child lay dead. The father had evidently come in at that moment from his labor, and had sunk upon a chair after a glance into the cradle that told him all. Apparently, it was not news unexpected. His face had the agony of days and nights steeped in its expression. He sat with his coarse hand dropped upon the patched coverlet, calm, because his heart had no more fibres unwrung. The painter has shown his genius in the total unattractiveness of the man's features. He is labor-worn, ill-dressed and unambitious, but had a Heaven in his child that would have blest a king. I am describing, however, a part of the picture that I did not particularly notice the first time that I saw it. In passing through Mayence a second time, a few days after, I went to see it once more, and the *father's look* then first impressed me. But the *mother* was the chief effort of the painter. She is a young woman of no more than enough beauty to be a peasant's fireside angel, but with a face of boundless every-day tenderness, and capacity as boundless for mental suffering. A crucifix, which she now forgets, is dropping from her fingers. She had turned from the cradle when her child died, but remains motionless on her chair. Her limbs have relaxed from a position of intense watching, and her posture expresses most speakingly an agony of despair that hope has just given way to. A few phials and the play-things of the child lie around the cradle. In the back-ground stands a humble servant girl, with clasped hands, gazing with heart-broken pity upon her mistress. The room looks breathlessly still. Somehow, the cottage furniture expressed that the child was all they had on earth that was beautiful, and that to-morrow they would come back from the grave to a home utterly unsoftened in its desolation. I know not how to express to you the wonderful *absence of design for effect* with which this touching picture is painted. It does not seem intended to be seen. It looks mute and sorrowfully truthful, like a picture an angel might have drawn, to show in heaven how they suffer on earth. The artist evidently painted with the world forgot, and had the sufferer's knowledge of the agonies he portrayed.'

APPROPOS of paintings and painters: we do not know when we have encountered a more forcible tribute to an American portrait-painter than is contained in the following extract from a letter which a distinguished foreigner, at present sojourning in this country, recently received from his wife, now resident in London. The passage refers to the portrait of the gentleman in question, a most speaking likeness of the original: 'At last I can announce to you the safe arrival of the long-expected treasure, your dear portrait. With what delight I greeted it, is beyond my power to express. My impatience to behold your pictured countenance induced me to attempt to open the huge packing-case unaided, and I soon succeeded in releasing it from its bondage; and to my heart's delight I once more surveyed your perfect image! To my idea, it is in all respects a complete resemblance of yourself; and every day I am more and more impressed with this opinion. I send you a thousand thanks for this to me invaluable present. It is a treasure I would not part with for any earthly consideration. Still I *must* tell you that it makes me feel more unhappy and more disconsolate at our temporary separation; and so restless am I to survey your likeness, so truly depicted, that scarce a night passes without my procuring a light and dwelling upon it, while all is stillness around me. Present my compliments to the artist, and say that I am more grateful to him than I can find words to express, and that he has conferred the greatest happiness on me that this world can afford, next to that of sending me the original.' The artist here alluded to is Mr. C. L. ELLIOTT, whose studio is in an upper room of the Granite-Buildings, corner of Chambers-street and Broadway. Truth to say, the encomium passed upon Mr. ELLIOTT in the foregoing fervent sentences is well deserved. We know of no portrait-painter among us who has advanced with more rapid strides toward perfection; a fact sufficiently evinced by the patronage which he has secured from the best sources in the metropolis. A few weeks before the death of the late lamented HENRY INMAN, that fine artist was in the studio of Mr. ELLIOTT. After surveying the portraits of his latest sitters with a painter's eye and a painter's scrutiny, he said, 'I must have you paint my portrait, and I will paint your's in return.' 'I shall only be too glad to do so,'

replied Mr. ELLIOTT; 'I cannot help thinking that I should be able to obtain a characteristic likeness of you.' 'Yes,' answered INMAN, (in a manner which we can see,) passing his hand over his face, with a significant gesticulation; 'yes, I think you could; features plain and blocky—*blocky*!' Would that any New-Yorker possessed at this moment a portrait of our departed friend, such as he knew ELLIOTT could have painted! . . . We are fearful of having got ourselves into 'a scrape' by publishing the '*Lines on Adeline Cobb, who was killed by Lightning by her friend Nancy Hinks*;' for the celebrity which that touching elegy has acquired is bringing upon us kindred effusions from ambitious aspirants for fame who reside in the vicinity of the now distinguished authoress. The subjoined 'poem' is the 'exclusive composition of Mr. HORACE M. JONES.' We publish it 'by request;' simply premising that while it sets forth the career of an industrious citizen, it also establishes the fact, expressed in verse of equal felicity, that

'A man cannot make himself a poet,
No more 'n a sheep can make itself a go-at!'

But we are keeping the reader from our correspondent's '*Adventures in Michigan*,' which, if not equal to 'many' things that have 'made their way in Europe,' are yet superior to 'some' which have appeared on this side of the Atlantic:

I STARTED early in life to go to the west,
To seek my fortune and do my best;
I left my friends by the shake of the hand,
And went among strangers in a distant land.

I travelled on till I got to Michigan,
There I met an honest-looking man;
He asked me if I would go into his store as a clerk,
I told him I would, because I was in search of work.

I told him I would go for a hundred and twenty
dollars a year;
Says he, 'You will make your fortune too quick,
I fear;
And if you get rich so very fast,
I am afraid that your riches will not longly last.'

I told him to give himself no alarm,
For I was always brought up on a farm,
And knew how to save my money,
As the bee doth save her honey.

The yearlike an arrow soon passed by,
Then a hundred and twenty dollars in my pocket
did lie;
I went and bought me a farm,
And upon it I built me a house and barn.

Then I bought a span of horses and plow,
And some sheep and a three-year old cow;
And into debt I had deeply run,
Before my farming I had begun.

I put in my crops in the spring of the year,
And part of my debts that season did clear;
I had debts of a hundred and fifty dollars more,
Which I had to pay within a year or before.

In the fall of that year I put in a large crop of
wheat,
Which did the rest of my debts complete;
And if it is not boasting too much to tell,
I thought in three years I had done pretty well.

I began as it were anew in life,
And I thought that it was time to get me a wife;
One morning as I was walking along the street,
A beautiful young lady I did meet.

Whose beauty attracted my attention,
But the way to get her I thought was quite an
invention;
But soon after, I was introduced by a young man,
And then my visitings I began.

Her dark and glossy hair,
O! how beautiful and fair!
Her bright blue eyes
Made my affection arise!

Her fresh and rosy cheek,
O! how fair and sweet!
Her dimpled chin
My heart did win!

We soon appointed the wedding-day,
Which was on the seventh day of May;
In about six months the time came around,
And by the marriage tie we were bound.

One day I went out in the woods to cut down
some trees,
And in one of them I found a swarm of bees;
I took out thirty weight of honey,
For which I got five dollars in money.

Another time I was in the woods a-chopping,
When I saw a painter from tree to tree hopping;
He came over my head, and jumped down,
And I drew up my axe and struck him on his
crown.

And as I struck him to the ground, he fell,
But the sad news are yet to tell;
He soon got up and began to bite,
And I with my axe began to fight.

I struck him, and brake his shoulder,
Which made him more fierce and bolder;
And as I struck him, I run six or eight feet,
And drew my axe, and turned around, the
painter to meet.

As he came up, I struck him a severe blow on his
head,
Which broke his skull and killed him dead;
I took off his hide and carried it to Monroe county,
For which I got twenty-five dollars bounty.

I kept on farming, enjoying good health,
And yearly increasing in wealth;
I cleared about three hundred dollars a year,
Till soon I was able to buy a farm that was near.

And upon it I built a house and a barn, as before,
And let it out to a man by the name of Mr. MORE;
He was to give me a hundred dollars the first year,
And two acres of woodland to clear.

Beforelong, a new-fashioned plow came around;
Its usual weight was about three hundred pound;
It went by what we call steam-power,
And would plow about two acres an hour.

I bought one for two hundred dollars,
Just for the purpose of plowing my summer follers;
With it I got my plowing done in time,
And that must finish these verses of mine.

OUR friend NED BUNTLINE dwells in his last yarn upon the pleasures of life on ship-board; but we have another clever correspondent, who does not seem to be exactly of that way of thinking. The 'airy and graceful rigging,' he says, 'is usually well covered with tar; the 'stately masts' with slush; and across the 'snowy deck' horrible combinations of both describe circumlocutions widened at every roll of the vessel. Should the stray end of a rope brush across your face, knocking your hat overboard, or at least over your eyes, or insinuate itself around your leg, (which ships' ropes have a strange propensity for doing,) and drag you with inconceivable velocity across the hen-coops or the back of a stray pig, leaving you seated in a rivulet of tar, staring about you, hatless and almost coatless—do not mind it; do not look wildly around you, or sit gazing upon the demolition of your wearing apparel, endeavoring to extort a ghastly smile; but swallow your misfortunes, though your heart (and perhaps your dinner) may be in your throat. There is no cure—no refuge! Your consolation most likely will be the remark of some 'old salt,' that 'such togs was n't made to come to sea in;' a fact which by this time you will be quite willing to acknowledge.' These scenes, however, it should be added, belong to a different order of vessels from 'Uncle SAMUEL's' craft. *Apropos* of NED BUNTLINE: a new contributor, writing from Natchez on the 25th of November last, says: 'By the way, NED passed through here this morning, on his way to Gallatin, thirty miles distant. Being on a visit to Eddyville, (Ky.), a few days since, he heard that three persons, charged with having committed an atrocious murder near Gallatin some time since, were in the woods in the neighborhood. Arming himself, NED 'put out' in pursuit of them, *alone*. He soon overtook them, when two of them surrendered, after a short resistance. These he tied to trees, and then went on in pursuit of the other, who had absconded in the mean time. But the fellow had too good a start; and NED, after firing one or two shots after him, gave up the chase. He arrived here with his two captives last night in the steamer, and as I said before, went on to Gallatin with them this morning. He has entitled himself to the reward of six hundred dollars which had been offered for their apprehension.' Just like NED! The foregoing was crowded out of our last number; since the publication of which, we have heard with deep regret of the death of the young and lovely wife of our correspondent. Such a loss will make him feel the impotency of consolation; yet we cannot withhold the expression of our sympathy with him in his great bereavement. The 'Life-Yarn' will be resumed in a subsequent number. . . . We could not help thinking, while listening, not many weeks since, to a few well-chosen remarks made by the 'outside barbarian,' Captain ELLIOT, at a bountiful and tasteful board, what a sensation he had but a little while before created in the 'Flowery Land.' How many 'rigorous and lucid orders' to deliver up 'several tens of thousands of chests' of the 'smoking weed' had he received from the 'Great Emperor,' 'quaking with wrathful indignation!' And how had he, regardless of the 'many myriads of profits, the delightful benefits of the heavenly realms,' which had been bestowed upon the 'red-bristling foreigners' whom he re-

presented, poured upon the 'flowery people' whole 'clouds of sudden and fierce-whizzing balls!' How 'stupidly perverse!' 'Decidedly, these were the reflections,' as we listened to the 'outside-land's delegate,' while, the celestial dynasty and its concerns forgotten, he dwelt with eloquence and unction upon the fame of KNICKERBOCKER. . . . THE '*Boston Courier*' should beware how it speaks of the productions of the author of 'Great Abel and the Little Manhattan.' Is the editor aware that in terming them 'wishy-washy,' and in using such language as the following concerning their author, he is subjecting himself to the charge which was brought against us; namely, that of being '*A Spy in the Camp of American Literature*'? CORNELIUS MATHEW's mania appears to be a desire to imitate the style of DICKENS; a style as far out of his reach as the bounds of the stag are beyond the imitation of the nervous jumps of the grasshopper, or as the lively gambolings of the 'Cricket on the Hearth' are to the almost microscopic insect that ticks in the decaying bed-post! Quite entomological in simile, but not flattering 'in point of fact!' . . . SANDERSON! hospitable gentleman of the Franklin-House, Philadelphia, whose *artist de cuisine* has no rival on these shores, 'thanks, and acceptance bounteous!' *It came*—the 'mysterious box!' It was opened, and lo! the '*Paté de Froid Gibier aux Trouffles*,' not an ornament obliterated, not a scollop obscured, lay temptingly exposed to the 'ravished beholder!' Upon what subsequently ensued, the first chapter of a novel could be written; something in this style: 'It was late one stormy morning in the blustering and unruly month of February, when four individuals might have been discovered, in a retired street of the great metropolis, seated at a table upon which reposed a *paté* of such exceeding beauty, and so delicious a flavor, that one of the company exclaimed, "Per HERCULES! but this is rare! Let us at once fall to!" "Nay, by 'r Lady!" observed the other, "not until the generous fluid which brightens in this long-kept bottle descends the channel of that silver syphon into yon glass-en vessel!" A low gurgle, like unto the faint sound of the crimson flood, as it falls from the pierced arm of Beauty, was now heard; and in an inconceivably short space of time, each member of that party, with glass in hand, rose upon his feet: "SANDERSON the Younger!—may he always be as happy as he has made us this day!" At this stage of our narrative the paste-envelope was gently lifted; the aroma filled the apartment; and for the space of an hour no voice broke the stillness; it was only interrupted by the subdued clatter of the table-implements which were now called into requisition. The scene of our story now changes'—and so forth! . . . Let us assist the unlearned reader a little in his understanding of the Roman terms employed in the admirable pictures which PETER SCHEMIL, rolling back the tide of time, has exposed in preceding pages to the present generation: '*Triclinium*' is a banquet-room; '*Umbo*' is the bundle of folds of the 'toga,' crossing obliquely from under the right arm athwart the heart; '*sinus*,' the folds of the toga falling in front; '*mulsum*,' a drink of honey and wine; '*gustatorium*' consisted of dishes designed to excite the appetite; '*apophoreta*' were gifts to the Greeks, which they took away with them; '*amphoræ*' were bottles of wine, made of clay or glass, and fastened by a cork, and covered with gypsum to prevent the effects of air; '*colum*' was a kind of metal sieve, which was filled with snow, through which the wine percolated before being drank; '*crater*,' the larger vessel in which wine was mixed; '*cyathus*,' a measure in the form of a ladle; '*repositorium*,' table-trays; '*cæna*,' the banquet, or principal meal; '*caldarium*,' a vessel for heating water; '*calda*,' the only warm drink of the ancients; it consisted of warm water and wine, with the addition of spice. By-

the-by, we have seen enough of the mysterious 'SCHEMIL's' next chapter to assure our readers that they have a second 'Palmyrene' laboring for their edification. 'We shall see anon.' . . . THERE is quite too much *inversion*, both of words and meaning, in the 'stanzas' of our Portland (Maine) correspondent. Inversion is often an admirable feature, but it must be well managed. Mr. PARSONS, in his 'Lines on a Bust of DANTE,' has a very felicitous example in this kind:

'SEE, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim
The father was of Tuscan song.'

Here, however, is another inversion, that is 'a bird of another feather':

'THERE's not a maiden in your hall,
Though tired and sleepy ever so,
But wakes as you my name recall,
And longs the history to know,' etc.

SOME of the ultra-reformers of the day are well typified by an indefatigable clothes-cleaner, who officiates daily in Wall-street near William. A friend of ours, standing with his back to the operator, engaged in conversation with a friend, was suddenly seized by the collar the other day, which in a twinkling was covered with a saponaceous fluid; and this was forthwith followed by a rigorous application of a stiff brush. 'What are you about?' said our friend, indignantly. 'Don't you fret, Mister!' said the off-scourer; 'I do n't charge you nothin'! Look at his coat, gents,' said he to a knot of curious by-standers; 'see any grease?—eh? *That's* the way it works!' Not wishing to be considered either a partner or a standing advertisement in such a business, our gentleman at once 'made himself scarce.' . . . We wonder some one has never written a poem upon the power of *Mental Association*. No theme could be more prolific. Young KNICK has just come into the sanctum with an oblong piece of watery-snow, indented with the ridges of his little fingers upon the melting 'ball.' Now in letting a few drops fall from it into our dryish ink-stand, how many recollections of early school-days; of cut-desks and pewter ink-stands, infinite in variety; of coarse and fine-hand pens; spelling-schools on winter-nights with antagonist districts; fox-and-geese in the deep snow, 'by the whole company;' how have all these come back upon us, with their diversified associations! 'O, the days when we were young!' . . . 'N. W. J.' had better forswear rhyme. He cannot soon become a poet. '*The Explosion on board the Princeton*' is just the sort of 'poetry' that 'neither gods nor men permit.' One stanza must suffice:

'TYLER and TYLER's cabinet were there,
Viewing, with mien of conscious dignity,
The fleet and gallant vessel onward bear
Four hundred souls, in grand sublimity!'

It is astonishing, the antiquity of some of the most common sayings that one hears every day. For example, '*Let her drive!*' which is so often used, was first employed by SAINT PAUL. See the twenty-seventh chapter and fifteenth verse of 'The Acts of the Apostles.' . . . We have American sculptors busy among us, who are silently 'modelling their own fame.' KNEELAND is bringing to a completion the *superb* horse upon which WASHINGTON is to be seated, the whole to 'eternized' in the 'immortal iron' of Berlin. This equestrian statue, when completed, will be every way worthy of the sculptor's acknowledged reputation. Mr. HART, whose spirited bust of HENRY CLAY has elicited so much approbation, is engaged upon a bust of our neighbor HORACE

GREELEY, which, as far as it has advanced, is positively faultless. . . . 'I GREATLY admire,' writes a Southern correspondent, 'your *'St. Leger Papers.'* That narrative is surely from real life. The style is easy and natural; the incidents such as one sees must have occurred under the circumstances mentioned; and there is a minuteness of scene and character-painting, which it is easy to perceive is from the hand of one who depicts what he *sees*, and describes what he *feels*. Such writers can never lack readers to see and feel with them.' . . . 'The noble *'Lines to a Scull,'* writes an obliging correspondent, 'in your February number, first appeared in an English provincial paper, the *'Manchester Exchange Herald,'* and after much dispute, have been universally ascribed to Dr. BOWRING, although not acknowledged by him.' . . . A LARGE number of communications, in prose and verse, received since our last, will be more particularly noticed hereafter. The following, among others intended for the present number, will appear in our next: 'The Reformer's Vision;' 'Song,' by Z. BARTON STOUT, Esq.; 'MIGNON'S Song;' and 'The Lost One.'

PARK THEATRE:—AUGUSTA AND THE BALLET.—The spirit of 'the Dance' has reigned triumphant at this house during the past month. The charming 'Giselle' has fully captivated the lovers of the ballet, through the graceful witcheries of the sylph AUGUSTA. 'La Giselle' is a perfect little gem; with a fairy legend for the dénouement of a romantic story of disappointed love; with music so appropriate, and so delicately imbued with the genius of the scene, that its representation seemed like an enchanting dream of the spirit-land, far, far away from the gross realities of this corporeal life. Hacknied as we are in all things theatrical, be they tragedy, comedy, melo-drama, spectacle, ballet, or farce, and cold-blooded in temperament, with no more poetry in our matter-of-fact composition than there is in a commercial price-current, or a treatise on conic sections, we can hardly resist an inclination to rhapsodize most enthusiastically in exaltation of 'La Giselle,' as embodied, or rather shadowed forth, (for there is nothing corporeal about it,) by the fairy-like AUGUSTA! We care not for the TAGLIONI, the ELLSLERS, the GRISIS. They are wonderful, no doubt; charming to behold, entrancing to remember; but they are things of substance; they are of the earth, earthy; they have a local habitation; they eat and drink, laugh and cry; are subject to the ills of life; liable to head-aches, and sprained ankles; sensible to changes of weather; influenced by London porter, and under obligations to hair-dressers, modistes, and the property-man of the theatre. But our sylph AUGUSTA!—who that has seen her when, at the beck of the Queen of the Willies, she joins that mazy throng of fairy sprites, beneath the shadow of the cross that marks the tomb of the dead 'Giselle,' ever for a moment harbored the thought that she was other than the disembodied spirit of that love-lorn maid? Was there a particle of any one of the attributes of this dull earth about her? As thoroughly transformed, as completely the being of a new element, as the butterfly newly escaped from its chrysalis! She rested upon the ground at times, 'tis true, subduing, as it would seem, her ethereal influences only for the convenience of her less spiritual companions. Her element is the air; and she seems to soar *through*, not bound *into* it. Her feet touch the earth in gentle patterings, as the rain in the mild spring-time drops upon the broad leaves of spreading trees; or lightly descending upon some green mound, she rests there, like some spirit-cloud upon the bosom of a mountain. Who ever heard of a spirit dancing? Motes, they say, 'dance in the sunbeams;' spirits *float* in the air; and so floats the spirit of 'Giselle,' borne up as it were by its own ethereal essence, or attracted heavenward by some celestial magnetism. How exquisitely is the remembrance of her earthly passion displayed in her efforts to save her sorrowing lover from the fatal dance of the Willies!—how sad the gentle delicacy of her last farewell! In short, without a word of rhapsody, how like a pleasant dream is the whole of that second act of 'Giselle!' The pantomime acting of AUGUSTA, throughout this bijou of a ballet, was just truth itself. The old adage that 'actions speak louder than words' was in a peculiar sense verified by our Queen of Pantomime. Every movement of her graceful person, every glance of her eye, every lineament of her expressive face uttered language as eloquent as ever the musical voice of sweet ELLEN TREE delivered. Mlle. AUGUSTA was well supported by Miss INCE, as 'Queen of the Willies,' and her two attendants, and indeed by the entire corps-de-ballet. Mr. FREDERICKS was quite effective as 'Albrecht,' and Mr. PARLOE, as 'Hilarion,' acquitted himself most creditably. There cannot be

too high praise bestowed upon the music of 'La Giselle.' Every note seems to have its peculiar bearing upon the scene as it advances; more apt, or more characteristic of the spirit of the story, it could not be; for it seems written for the scene concerning which it so eloquently discourses. On the return of M^{lle}. AUGUSTA, it is hoped she may again delight her world of admirers by the production of some other ballet, equal (if that be possible,) to the renowned 'Giselle.' C.

LITERARY RECORD.—One of the very pleasantest books of the season is THACKERAY'S '*Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo*,' just published by Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM, and forming the fifty-eighth issue of their 'choice' Library. The author causes his reader to see exactly what he sees; for being an artist, he *paints* to the eye with his pen as completely as if he were depicting a scene or character with his pencil. Moreover, he is the best of good-natured companions, overflowing with wit and humor, and reminding one continually of the 'American in Paris.' We rejoice that our friend PUTNAM 'is on the ground' in the heart of the book-market of Britain, to send hither for the 'Library' the earliest and best literary edibles of the day. A well-deserved compliment is paid by the 'Walking Gentleman,' in preceding pages, to the selections in this series, the last of which embraces the poetical works of KEATS. . . . WE have only space to commend to general perusal a pamphlet recently published by Dr. JOHN H. GRISCOM, on '*The Sanitary Condition of the Laboring Population of New-York, with Suggestions for its Improvement*.' It is full of sound and benevolent views, urged with force and directness, and claims the heedful attention of all who have at heart the condition of the most useful classes of our citizens. . . . WE have from Messrs. CAREY AND HART, Philadelphia, the '*Miscellaneous Sermons of the late Rev. Sydney Smith*,' complete in one volume. There are some fifty discourses in all, upon a great variety of themes, and all distinguished by that clearness of reasoning and nervous Saxon English for which the eminent prelate was so remarkable. It is a volume replete with wisdom, conveyed in language which will cause it to be *remembered* by the reader. . . . THE last volume of that invaluable series, SPARKS' 'Library of American Biography,' contains the 'Life of General CHARLES LEE, derived from his own original papers, official correspondence, etc.; and the 'Life of JOSEPH REED, of Pennsylvania,' also prepared from original documents, hitherto unpublished. A portrait of Mr. REED, on steel, and excellent typography and paper, are the external characteristics of the volume, which reaches us from the press of Messrs. LITTLE AND BROWN, Boston. . . . WE have received, and shall take future occasion to notice more at large, the '*Correspondence of Mr. Ralph Izard, of South Carolina*,' from the year 1774 to 1804, with a brief memoir. We are indebted for the volume to MRS. ANNE IZARD DEAS, a daughter of the distinguished subject, who has performed not only a filial duty, but an acceptable service to our country's history, in giving this correspondence to the world. . . . AMONG the late publications of Messrs. HARPER AND BROTHERS are the first of two volumes, containing SUE'S '*Wandering Jew*,' a new and elegant translation, profusely illustrated by the most eminent artists of Paris; '*A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive*,' being a corrected view of evidence and the methods of scientific investigation, by JOHN STUART MILLS; and a '*Memoir of the late Alexander Proudft, D. D.*,' with selections from his diary and correspondence, and recollections of his life, etc., by his own son. To the first two of these publications we shall hereafter more particularly advert. . . . AMONG the new and original undertakings of the metropolitan press is a journal entitled '*The Bankers' Weekly Circular and Statistical Record*.' It is published weekly under the supervision of Mr. J. SMITH HOMANS and Mr. EDWIN WILLIAMS; the latter well known for his 'facts and figures.' This journal comprises, in a neat quarto sheet of sixteen pages, a full view of the banks of the whole Union; their names, capitals, officers, etc.; together with copious statistics of their condition severally, and of the finances of the individual states, history of European banking institutions, etc., and other valuable matters relating to banks and finance, which render this periodical a most desirable accession to the records of the banker, the desk of the merchant, and to the table of the capitalist and statesman. The 'Circular' is published weekly at No. 1 Spruce-street, at three dollars per annum. . . . GREELEY AND MCELRAITH'S '*Farmers' Library and Monthly Journal of Agriculture*' for February is a very full and various number. Among its useful papers is one upon the 'system' by which M. GUENON discovers, from external marks, precisely how much milk any 'given cow' will give. Engravings are presented of eight cows, with their qualities indicated in such a manner that, reasoning *à posteriori*, the required result may be satisfactorily arrived at. They have much the appearance, arranged in their various 'orders,' of a small ruminating procession of animal 'Masons,' or 'Odd-Fellows,' with their several badges, for some cause or other, worn in 'a reverse position.' The First Grand Mistress sports a hieroglyphi-

cal apron so large that she has hardly room to swing her tail. . . . A VERY beautifully-printed volume has just been published by MENTZ AND ROVOUTD, Philadelphia, containing fourteen selected '*Sermons by George W. Bethune*,' minister of the Third Reformed Dutch Church, Philadelphia. The volume will elicit farther notice in a subsequent issue. It may be had in New-York of SAXTON AND MILES, ROBERT CARTER, and F. COLLIER. . . . We would call public attention to the advertisement of '*Morris' National Press*,' at the close of the present number. 'The Brigadier,' in the fair white pages of his capacious and well-filled folio, is laboring for the good of his readers as he used to do in his old '*Mirror*,' so many years ago, and for so many of them. We are glad to see that our old friend and contemporary is every where welcomed with cordiality, and to hear that he is reaping the reward of his exertions in liberal subscriptions. 'The General' is becoming a little corpulent just now, but we would n't have his 'shadow' any 'less' for the world! May he and his '*Press*' prosper as they deserve to do! . . . Two of the most interesting and valuable recent issues from the Messrs. APPLETON's press, are '*Guizot's History of the English Revolution of 1640*,' and ARNOLD's '*First and Second Latin Book*.' The first we may take another occasion more particularly to notice; the second is too well known to require a word of commendation at our hands. . . . THE HARPERS have published the first of four large volumes, (reduced price, six dollars,) containing '*Dwight's Theology*,' a text-book in most colleges at home and abroad, and pronounced 'the best system for families.' A portrait of the author embellishes the first volume. . . . MESSRS. GREILEY AND McELRATH have published, in a very large and beautiful volume, '*D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature*,' with a fine steel portrait of the author. This is a work too well known to require specific criticism. Perhaps there is not in the world another volume which combines so much and such various information concerning authors and their productions as this one of D'ISRAELI.

VANDENHOFF AT 'OLD DRURY.'—MR. GEORGE VANDENHOFF has been playing during the past month at the Park Theatre. This gentleman was regarded on his first appearance in this country as one of the most promising actors that Britain has sent over for many a day. At the same time there was a degree of finish about his performances, and a free familiarity with the business of the stage, that appeared the effect of old acquaintanceship with the actor's difficult art. On his return to America from his recent homeward tour, we were surprised to find how rapidly he is advancing to the highest rank as a chaste, natural and vigorous illustrator of the great English dramatists. His production of '*Antigone*,' a year or so since, gave the public an opportunity of admiring his power in the stately, elevated, but colder graces of the more artificial classic tragedy of antiquity. At that time we were inclined to rate him as the worthiest successor to his talented father, and in his father's peculiar, lofty style. The same dignity and majestic pomp of sentiment that charmed us in the '*Coriolanus*' of the latter, pleased us and compelled our applause in the '*Creon*' of the younger candidate for favor. We now dissent however from our former estimation of MR. GEORGE VANDENHOFF's abilities, and are decidedly of opinion that his strength lies in comedy. His personation of '*Benedick*,' '*Mercutio*,' and '*Young Mirabel*,' confirms us in this faith. For all the light and airy elegancies of this class of characters he seems to us eminently qualified. A correspondent in Boston, whose judgment jumps with ours, writes us that MR. VANDENHOFF has recently been gratifying the denizens of those oriental regions, our respected '*Far-downers*,' with a series of SHAKSPEARIAN readings. He tells us too that his comic readings were especially felicitous; that his '*Dogberry*,' '*Snug, the Joiner*,' '*Falstaff*,' and bully '*Bottom*,' were done to the life. Fully concurring with our Boston friend in his opinion of MR. VANDENHOFF's comic superiority, we would candidly advise him to give himself to this department of his noble art. He has it in him, but not without study; not without time and renewed assiduity; to make us less lament the gap which CHARLES KEMBLE has left in the genuine comedy of our Fatherland. We trust he may yet do much toward reviving the staunch old English comedies at our '*Old Drury*.' There are at the Park Theatre a few, but alas! only a few of the elements of a good company of comedians, to assist him in this commendable work. We have MRS. VERNON, a host indeed in herself, an actress unequalled in her line in America. MRS. ABBOTT and MRS. BLAND, for the ladies; and for comic old men, there is MR. BASS, a rich, racy actor, of the old school, and one of the very best on our boards; FISHER, ANDREWS and BARRETT, in many parts unequalled; with others more or less respectable. It would be a strong argument in favor of the good taste of this community to see them crowding to witness the representation of such of the sterling old comedies as might, with these aids, be revived under the careful superintendence of MR. VANDENHOFF.